Saturday Review

June 12, 1971 50c

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THEATER IN '71

by Henry Hewes

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John Guare, whose "The House of Blue Leaves" was voted the season's Best American Play by the New York Drama Critics Circle

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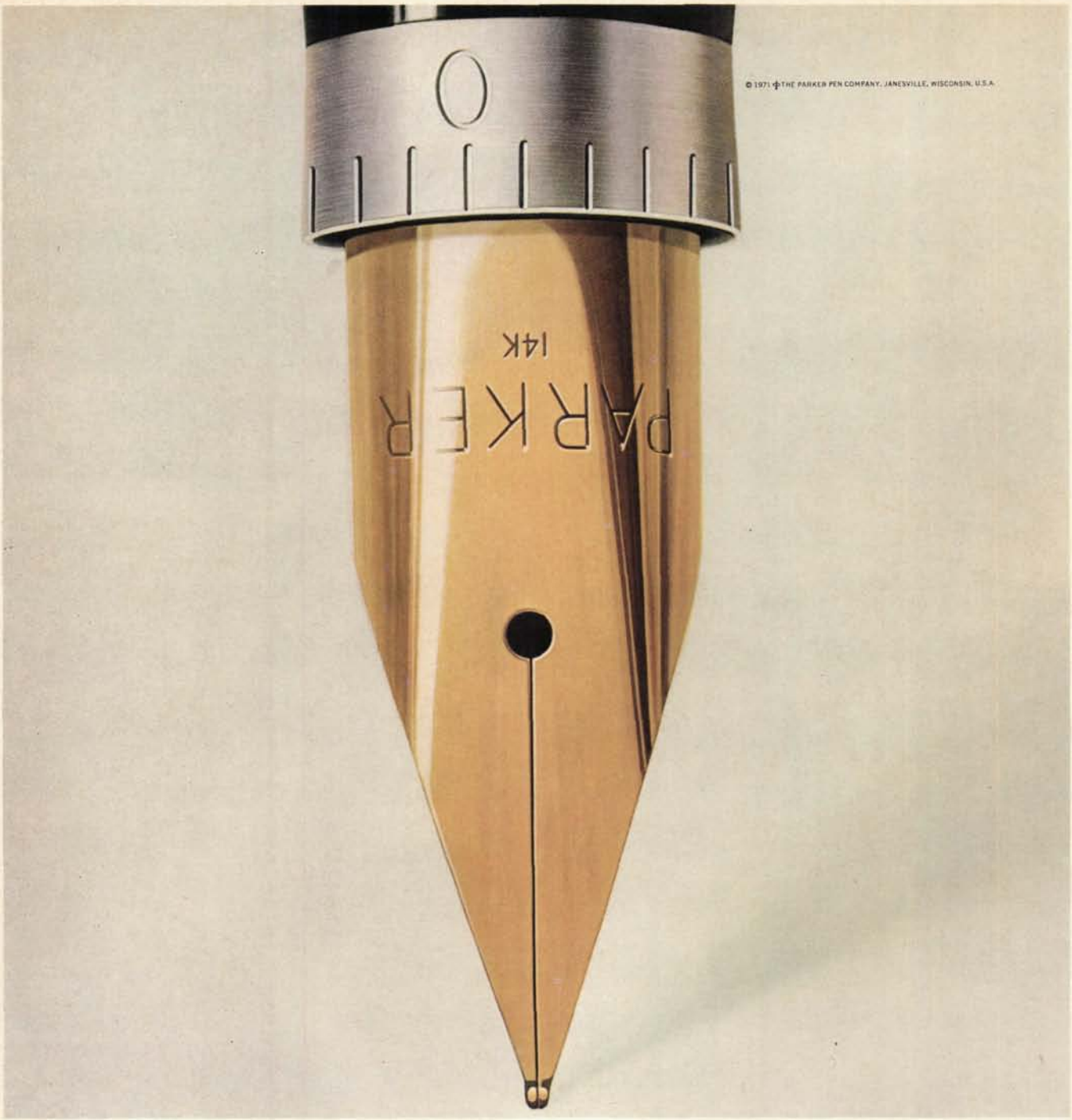

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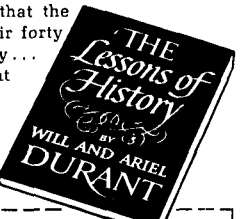

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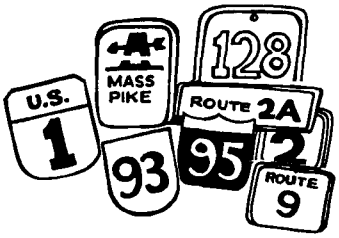

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Saturday Review

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by Henry Hewes

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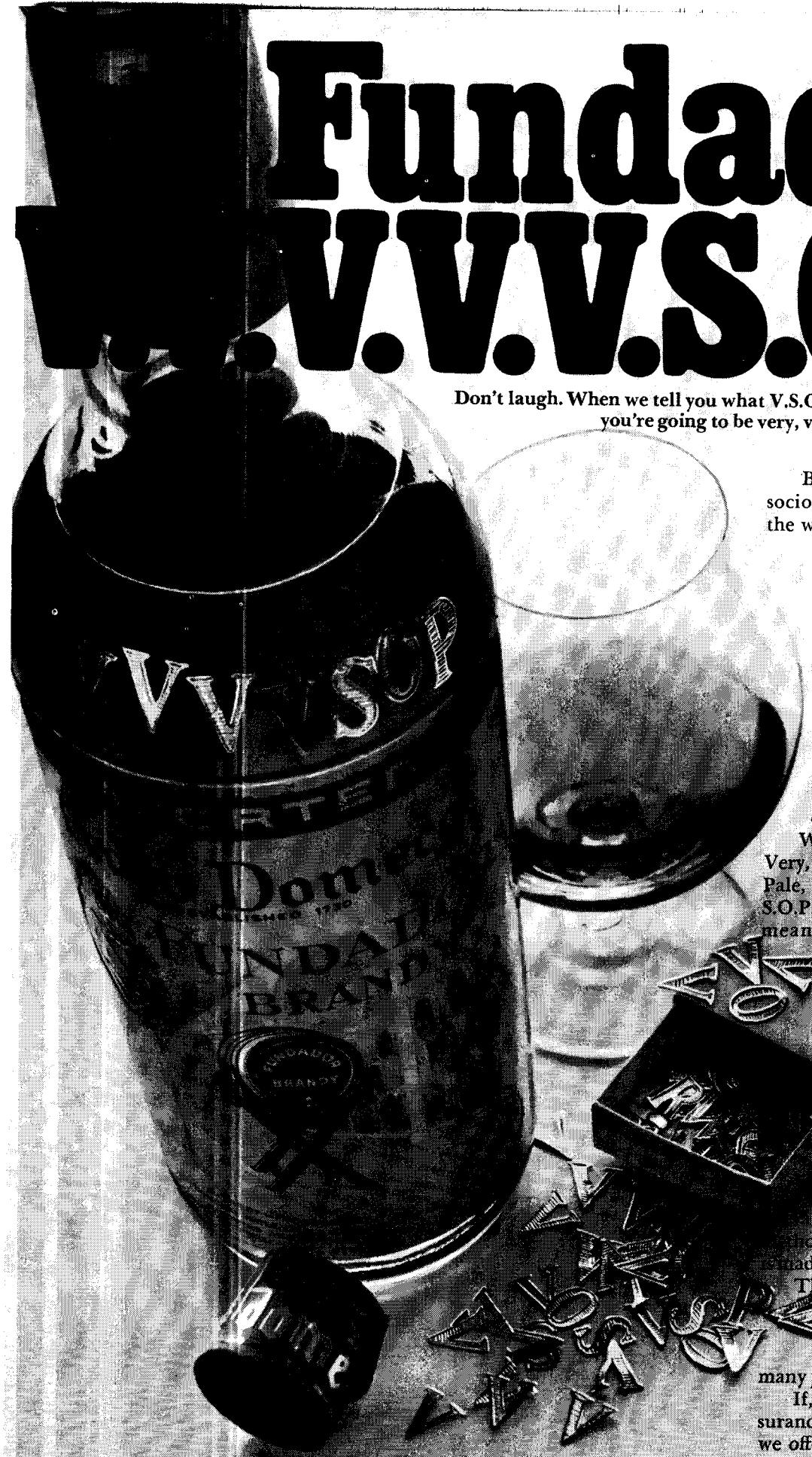

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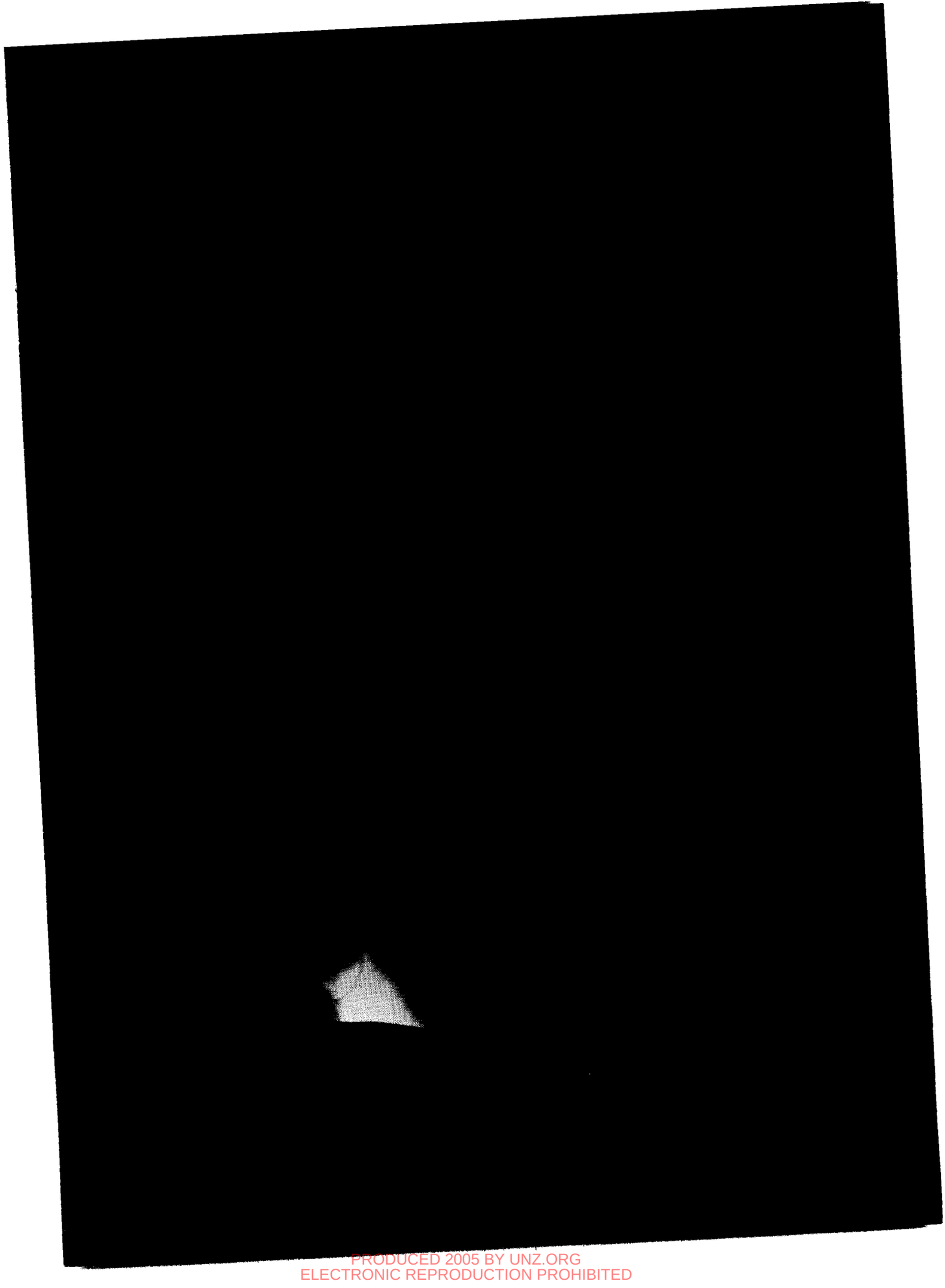

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Elisions upon a Line

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
—Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
—John Milton

I think that I shall never
—Emily Dickinson

I think that I shall
—George Gordon, Lord Byron

I think
—T. S. Eliot

I
—Walt Whitman

—Richard J. Leskosky.

Arf, Arf, and a Hearty Woof

I saw a woman take a swipe with a broom at a dog the other day in Greenwich Village. She missed, and the dog, a skinny beast part greyhound and part German shepherd, ran a little way up the street and halted to look back at the woman and the empty trash cans he had been inspecting when she and her broom so rudely interrupted him.

The woman didn't seem a bad sort. She was young, vigorous, and attractive and wore a kerchief on her head. The day was cool, sunny, and with a satisfactory air pollution level, and she had swept the sidewalk in front of a Christopher Street tenement and was working in the gutter gathering up cigarette butts and a litter of paper and discarded hero-sandwich ends.

The dog seemed to be amiable enough. He wore a thick collar but no leash, and he certainly was harming no one as he prowled among the trash cans as dogs like to do. Had he been noisy and aggressive, I think I would have understood the woman's strange display of temper, but the dog is man's best friend and this one was behaving quite decently.

I was glad when the first swing of the broom missed. The woman screamed at the dog and swung again, but the dog dodged and was beyond reach in an instant. I tried to remember the last time I had seen a woman—or a man—chase a dog with a broom. (I am speaking of the Village, not of other parts of the city.) It's a rare sight today. People have changed; dogs' rights are respected. But it goes beyond that. Many households lack brooms today, and even when a broom is available, women often are without experience in swinging it.

We are inclined nowadays to forget what it was like to be a dog in the old days when no one would dream of criticizing a woman who took a broom to a dog. I must concede that in those days a lot of dogs skulked. It was almost as if they were ashamed to be dogs, whereas today dogs show a lot of pride. They have reason to be proud, of course, when you consider the numerous dog shows we hold to honor them and to let them parade their fancy ways.

I've heard people speak disparagingly of dogs. Yet, it cannot be denied that when a man is in trouble the dog is always in there pitching. A dog will solace a man when a man's spirits are low. The dog will bring brandy to a man in the snowy Alps—the Swiss Alps, that is. Dogs rescue children from drowning, fight off burglars, waken heavy sleepers at night when a fire starts to burn down the house, and even learn the tricks of vaudeville comedians and acrobats to help a man with his income. A dog who is attached to a poor man will never abandon him for a rich man, no matter what inducements are offered.

Samuel Butler wrote that "the great pleasure of a dog is that you may make a fool of yourself with him and not only will he not scold you but he will make a fool of himself, too." I think that is true. I was going to cross Christopher Street and tell the woman about dogs, but I knew she would never understand. —John Ferris.

Run, Dick, Run!

The news pages reported the other day that "The Feminist Collective on Children's Media" challenged authors and publishers at a formal meeting to foster equality of the sexes in literature for children. Bravo! Any dispassionate study of children's books used in most of our country's schools must come to a single sad conclusion—that there has been a conspiracy afoot to drive every boychild in the land directly toward ulcers and heart disease and self-immolation.

All these nasty little readers picture the boy as active, contentious, destructive, violent, thoughtless, wild, unsatisfied with the simple joys of the here and now, yearning, yearning, for new worlds to conquer. He's always wondering what he's going to be as a man. *He must be something.* He must achieve, he must triumph.

A little girl, on the other hand, is dainty, gentle, soft, unhurried, not disturbed by silly ambitions, self-assured at the earliest age that to be a girl is world enough—and one already conquered. If she wonders at all about the future, she thinks about those things she's going to get so easily without any ulcers because she is she—a man, a house, a child. The little girl who plays with dolls has instant fulfillment. The little boy who plays with a baseball bat and a toy gun and a tin soldier has delayed destruction in his grasp.

Almost every story and every picture is slanted in this diabolical way. One such book shows a boy trapped in the branch of a tree while his mother stands by and doesn't do a blessed thing about it. Daddy shows up and immediately concludes that his manhood is at stake unless he climbs up the sequoia and rescues his idiot son. He gets a giant ladder, makes the perilous ascent, and accomplishes the heroic feat. Later on Mother waves good-by as her heroes go off to work and to school. She's always waving good-by and then puttering around the house and catching up on all the fashion magazines while the radio plays Vivaldi and Frank Sinatra at all hours.

"The Feminist Collective's" research proves that these books never show Mother in her widowhood after Daddy's third heart attack from climbing up too many trees and from racing off to a daytime job and a moonlighting job. The books do show the same mother from picture to picture. Waving good-by is just the right amount of healthful exercise. She endures.

What else can this be called except "sexism"—a conscious prejudicial attempt to eliminate men! Why can't a little boy look pretty in pretty clothes and pick a flower? Why can't a girl climb a tree? Why can't Mother take two jobs somewhere and fight a few wars? Why can't Father sit home for years on end and wave a healthful good-by to everybody else? Man as father, father, father, homebody, homebody, homebody, coward, coward, coward—that's the image unprejudiced books should instill into little boys if the race is to survive.

It does no good to claim that most of these books are written by men. Man as *influential destructive writer* is so ingrained in all authors that they can't escape destroying their own kind. And doing yourself in is the ultimate crime in the sorrowful annals of rampant sexism. —Leo Haber.

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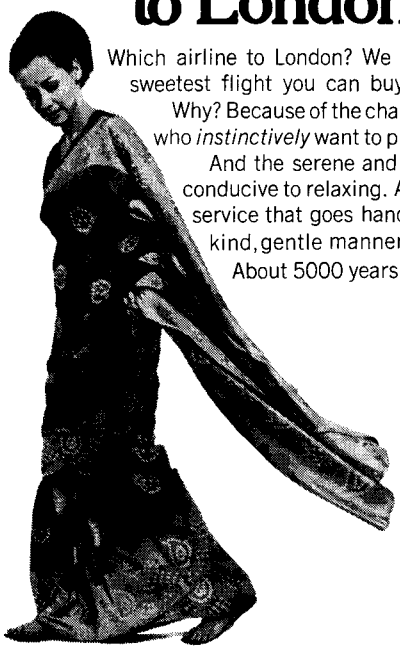
Now that all the 747s are here. Let's go on from there.

The sweet flight to London.



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Vain Weathervane

IF NOTHING ELSE, my wife is an expert on weather. She prides herself on her ability to predict with infallible accuracy the rainfall for any given day.

The wonder is that she doesn't feel it in her bones, nor does she have a bunion that pops. She is one of those rare humans who is attuned to rain. She isn't much on snow, hail, or sleet. But when it comes to rain, you better believe it.

Actually, she's attuned to a radio that, every five minutes or so, forecasts weather. There are five sets in her bedroom, one for music, one for news, one for the Mets ball game, one for William B. Williams, and one for weather. Walking into her room is like walking into Houston's Mission Control during a moonshot.

Being a thorough forecaster, she checks the radio weather against the TV weather. And then checks both against the telephone weather. Thus, she is able to say to me at breakfast, as she did just the other day, "Wear your raincoat, dear. It's going to rain."

"Rain?" I said. "It's a bright, clear, sunny day."

"But there's going to be a rainstorm," she predicted. "Wear your rainhat, too."

Being a creature of habit, and because I firmly believe no important decisions can be made before breakfast, I always lay out, the night before, the clothes I'm going to wear the following day. It was obvious I was not dressed for a rainstorm. So I put on the raincoat and rainhat and went out into the bright sun.

I returned that afternoon in the bright sun, carrying my raincoat and rainhat. "What happened to the rainstorm?" I asked.

"The winds veered," she said.

"Veered?"

"Yes, they veered. I didn't know they were going to veer. You can't stop a wind from veering. I'm sorry they veered. I was only trying to be helpful."

"Veered" was the word for the day. And I was the only man in town prepared for a rainstorm. But, as she pointed out, she was only trying to be helpful. And she is helpful not only with rainstorms. If I may veer here for a moment, take the evening her phone rang.

"No, you have the wrong number," she said, and hung up.

Trying to be helpful, I told her that was the wrong thing to say.

"He asked for Yvonne," she replied. "He had the wrong number."

"No, he may have your number written down by mistake, instead of Yvonne's number. So he'll dial your number again. And here he comes now," I concluded as the phone rang again.

"Oh, I see what you mean," she said. "Hello."

"Is Yvonne there?"

"No," she replied. "What number are you calling?"

He gave her her own number.

"Oh, you've got the right number," she said, "but you're calling the wrong number."

"How's that again?"

"My name is Jane, so you must have the wrong number written down for Yvonne."

"Oh, you're right. I should have called Plaza Two instead of Eight. Darn it, I don't have another coin. I'm calling from a phone booth. And I have to get in touch with Yvonne right away."

"Oh. Well, you stay there. Don't go away. Give me Yvonne's number, and I'll call her and tell her to call you. What's that phone booth number?"

He gave it to her, and she phoned the girl.

"Yvonne? I'm calling for—oh, I forgot to ask his name. Some fellow called and asked me to call you to tell you to call him, because he's in a phone booth with my number and he hasn't any more change. So I'll give you his number."

"How's that again?"

That's the way it went. They had quite a chat. She managed to learn that Yvonne is engaged to the fellow without a dime in the phone booth, that they were going to dinner, and that he was to tell her where to meet him. It all wound up with her telling Yvonne, "Wear a raincoat. It's going to rain when the winds stop veering."

Oh, you think I made all this up and wrote it? Wrong. On a stack of Bibles, wrong. And try this one, with or without a raincoat.

A man was telling us that his wife blacked out, was taken by ambulance to the hospital, was operated on, and didn't recall anything when she woke up in bed the next day.

"She was being fed intravenously," the man said.

"That's good," my wife said. "She has to eat to keep up her strength."

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—from Mrs. Thomas Siddall of New Orleans, who found it in the Sumter (South Carolina) *News*:

> MOTHER'S DAY SPECIAL
> FOR 10 DAYS ONLY
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"Better never," Mrs. Siddall writes, "than quite so late." Meanwhile, our News Item of the Week came from Mrs. L. B. Stevens of Westminster, Maryland, who found it in the Baltimore *News American*:

> WASHINGTON (UPI)—The Federal Trade Commission has moved to break up a merger involving a drug firm chaired by a close friend of President Nixon. . . . The company is represented by the New York law firm of Mudge, Rose, Guthrie and Alexander. Nixon and Mitchell were painters in the firm prior to the 1968 campaign.

Then came their two-man show—and the rest is history. In any case, our Classified of the Week came from Howard Wolinsky of Kankakee, Illinois, who located it in the Kankakee *Daily Journal*:

> GAIN AN intercom with YOGA
> also lose weight and tone muscles

The next day, Mr. Wolinsky reports, they tried again:

> GAIN AN enter come with YOGA
> also lose weight and tone muscles

The third day, apparently, they mastered the position. We were sort of sorry. Finally, on the movie front, Mildred Donovan of Rockville, Connecticut, found the following in the Hartford *Courant*:

> LOS ANGELES (UPI)—Richard Fleischer, who directed *Tora! Tora! Tora!* will direct *The Brothers*, a life story of the famous writing sisters.

That's the way it goes. The Brontës, we guess, were just not big enough names.

We had tea with the charming Miss Deborah Pease, of *Real Life* (Norton), and learned that for the author of the engrossing story of a love affair it was not only her first book, it was her first interview. "The first *ever*," she practically whispered. After that, we couldn't hear a sound.

Aren't you, we asked, going to talk at all? There was a long pause. "I'm very distrustful," she said, "of saying *anything*."

We suggested she drink some tea. She did so, albeit reluctantly. We told her her book didn't read like a first novel and that furthermore it showed such economy in style that we were willing to bet she had a lot of unpublished stuff around.

"Wastebasketfuls," she whispered again. There was another long pause. Then, gently but steadily, Miss Pease began to talk. "I've always kept journals," she said, "but it's an awfully hard decision really deciding to write. It demands coping with so much isolation. Before I started, I sometimes thought it would be just like deciding not really to live life at all.

"Actually," she said, "it's been just the opposite. I never felt more alive than when I was writing. And it's really reciprocal. It's not just as if you were creating something on a page, because in the process of creating, it shapes and creates you. It's a really total thing. Don't you," she asked, "feel that about writing?"

No, we said sternly. But she looked so surprised we quickly said we were kidding.

"The funny thing," she said, "was I always thought I would like to write. But I also always thought that if something better came along I'd chuck it. I always thought, 'Well, if writing doesn't make you happy. . . .' " Suddenly she stopped completely again. "I'm just talking a lot of nonsense," she said, "aren't I?"

Yes, we said. But this time she knew we were kidding. We learned that Miss Pease, who was born in Boston, is a product of St. Timothy's Boarding School and a year-and-a-half at Wellesley. She is the daughter of Roland Pease, a newspaperman who gave up journalism to write novels, wrote one, *Sweet Nothing*, which was published, then four others, which have not been. "Now he's given it up," she said. "But he's terribly happy that I've written a book. He's very supportive of me."

"I quit Wellesley," Miss Pease continued, "because it was too much like a continuation of boarding school. I really thought when I went to college I'd be joining the adult world—but I wasn't. What I chafed at was it was so separated—like a nunnery. Now with Women's Lib I suppose they'd like it."

Miss Pease herself joined Women's Lib after the unhappy love affair she wrote about in *Real Life*. "After falling in love with a man like that," she smiled, "I guess I had to. But I left. The things that make sense in Women's Lib make so much sense. But it wasn't for me. I think there's a real paradox in being a writer and being a woman who's an actual part of Women's Lib."

Since Miss Pease's book is a devastating attack on a man with whom she was obviously deeply in love, we asked her if this bothered her. "It isn't really an attack," she said. "Remember, I'm seeing him only through the eyes of the girl. In this way, in his relationship with her, he was a heel. But not necessarily in his own right. In his own right, he wasn't even aware that he was a heel.

"Just the same," she said, "I went through real agony. It was a real ethical problem. I thought at first I had done a terrible thing—to exploit him, to subject him to such exposure. I knew all his friends and my friends would know about him, and I felt all of his, at least, would hate me. I was almost ready to go into hiding. But then suddenly I accepted it. I realized it wasn't as though I had gone out specifically to hurt someone. I would have felt that if, for example, I had kept a diary. Or if it had all been a deliberate thing. But it hadn't. I had lived it completely—and I hadn't written a word about it until it was over."

Our final question: Had the book affected her personal life? "It has," she smiled. "Some of the people who have read it, whom I never really went out with before in that sense, have called me up now to go out. On the other hand, some of the people whom I used to go out with all the time haven't called. One," she smiled again, "in particular."

If he came around now, we asked, would she go out with him? "No," she said. "Not *now*. Because now I know that my self-respect depends on my identity as a writer. And I also know that if I went back to that again, it would disrupt me as a writer."

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Anne Meara as Bunny Flingus feels no pity for Mr. and Mrs. Shaughnessy, played by Harold Gould and Katherine Helmond, in "The House of Blue Leaves."

THEATER IN '71

by HENRY HEWES

Sir Ralph Richardson recalls the traditional pleasures and decorums of bygone England as Sir John Gielgud listens with deep sadness in "Home."

Despite the fact that 1970-71 was the first Broadway season of this century in which no new American play achieved hit status, there was a surprisingly high degree of vitality in the New York theater scene.

A great proportion of this vitality came from Off-Broadway. The chart of the New York Drama Critics Circle voting [next page] reveals that of the fifteen plays receiving votes for the Best Play of the season, seven were produced Off-Broadway. Furthermore, as was the case last year, the Best American Play was an Off-Broadway entry, John Guare's *The House of Blue Leaves*.

Indeed, *The House of Blue Leaves* came within one point of defeating the British import *Home* as the Best Play (domestic or foreign), and under the system previously used by the Circle would have won that award too, because it had more first-place votes.

The Guare play is a highly original piece of work by the thirty-three-year-old playwright [see cover]. Although the situation it presents—a frustrated songwriter living in a Queens apartment with his insane wife and his angry son—is desperate, Guare uses the techniques of farce, plus his own supreme gift for dialogue that pushes sincerity into ridicule, to achieve a new kind of penetrating humor. Some theatergoers, however, were shocked by the play's cruelty. The playwright explains, "I like to write about characters who are not too self-aware. The main source of the cruelty is that these characters mean what they are saying at the moment they speak, but are unaware of the connective tissue between moments. I try to make the audience aware of that connective tissue." Guare suspects that it comes out comic, because the play drags people bodily into time. "Most people," he says, "live out of time."

The House of Blue Leaves also ridicules the way people use Jesus and God as pin-ups. The playwright finds it absurd that instead of using themselves and living "in today," millions of people waste their time and energy trying to jockey themselves into some kind of favored position with Jesus or the saints. Ironically, when one of his own relatives congratulated him on winning the Critics award, she added, "You can't tell me Saint Francis Xavier didn't have something to do with it."

With or without divine assistance, Guare has started a new three-act play about a bunch of Americans living in Norway above the Arctic Circle. Hopefully, there will not be the four-year delay between completion and production suffered by *The House of Blue Leaves*.

Home, by the thirty-eight-year-old

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New York Drama Critics Circle Choices, 1971

	Best Play			Best American Play			Best Musical
	First Choice (3 points)	*Second Choice (2 points)*	*Third Choice (1 point)*	*First Choice (3 points)*	*Second Choice (2 points)*	*Third Choice (1 point)*	
CLIVE BARNES *New York Times*	All Over	Alice	Fits	All Over	Alice	Fits	Me Nobody
HAROLD CLURMAN *Nation*	All Over	Home	Blue Leaves	Catonsville	Blue Leaves	Les Blancs	Me Nobody
BRENDAN GILL *New Yorker*	Home	Blue Leaves	Steambath	Blue Leaves	Steambath	All Over	Follies
WILLIAM GLOVER Associated Press	All Over	Catonsville	Home	All Over	Catonsville	Wanda June	Nanette
MARTIN GOTTFRIED *Women's Wear Daily*	Fits	Home	Miss Marie	Fits	Miss Marie	Catonsville	Follies
HENRY HEWES *Saturday Review*	Blue Leaves	A Place	Philanthropist	Blue Leaves	Les Blancs	All Over	Follies
EDWARD S. HIPP *Newark News*	All Over	Home	Philanthropist	All Over	Catonsville	Gingerbread	Me Nobody
TED KALEM *Time*	Home	Father's Day	Alice	Father's Day	Alice	Blue Leaves	Follies
WALTER KERR *New York Times*	Blue Leaves	Philanthropist	Home	Blue Leaves	Les Blancs	Steambath	Two by Two
JACK KROLL *Newsweek*	Fits	Philanthropist	Catonsville	Fits	Catonsville	New England	Follies
JOHN LAHR *Village Voice*	Blue Leaves	Catonsville	Fits	Blue Leaves	Miss Marie	Alice	Follies
EMORY LEWIS Bergen *Record*	Blue Leaves	Catonsville	Story Theatre	Blue Leaves	Catonsville	Fits	Me Nobody
LEO MISHKIN *Morning Telegraph*	Blue Leaves	Philanthropist	Story Theatre	Blue Leaves	Story Theatre	Les Blancs	Follies
HOBE MORRISON *Variety*	Sleuth	Home	Gingerbread	abstained	abstained	abstained	abstained
GEORGE OPPENHEIMER *Newsday*	Home	Philanthropist	All Over	All Over	Les Blancs	Steambath	Follies
WILLIAM RAIDY Newhouse Papers	Catonsville	Philanthropist	Fits	Catonsville	All Over	Fits	abstained
JOHN SIMON *New York*	Philanthropist	Catonsville	Home	Catonsville	Happiness	Carpenters	Me Nobody
MARILYN STASIO *Cue*	Home	Blue Leaves	Fits	Blue Leaves	Fits	Catonsville	Follies
DOUGLAS WATT *Daily News*	Blue Leaves	Sleuth	Father's Day	Blue Leaves	Father's Day	Scratch	Follies
RICHARD WATTS, JR. *New York Post*	Philanthropist	Les Blancs	Home	Les Blancs	Steambath	Blue Leaves	Follies

Totals: Best Play: *Home*, 24 points; *The House of Blue Leaves*, 23; *The Philanthropist*, 18; *All Over*, 13; *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, 12; *Subject to Fits*, 10; *Sleuth*, 5; *Alice in Wonderland*, 3; *Father's Day*, 3; *A Place Without Doors*, 2; *Les Blancs*, 2; *Story Theatre*, 2; *Steambath*, 1; *The Fabulous Miss Marie*, 1; *The Gingerbread Lady*, 1. Best American Play: *The House of Blue Leaves*, 28; *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*, 19; *All Over*, 16; *Les Blancs*, 11; *Subject to Fits*, 11; *Steambath*, 6; *Alice in Wonderland*, 5; *Father's Day*, 5; *The Fabulous Miss Marie*, 4; *Story Theatre*, 2; *The Happiness Cage*, 2; *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*, 1; *In New England Winter*, 1; *Scratch*, 1; *The Carpenters*, 1; *The Gingerbread Lady*, 1. Best Musical: *Follies*, 11 votes; *The Me Nobody Knows*, 5; *No, No, Nanette*, 1; *Two by Two*, 1.

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British playwright David Storey, was reportedly written in two days and set out to be nothing more than a well-orchestrated series of conversations among four inmates of a British insane asylum. However, it was beautifully performed by Sir John Gielgud, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mona Washbourne, and Dandy Nichols, and indirectly made a comment on the deteriorating elegance of contemporary Britain.

Making such comment more explicitly was the critics' third choice, *The Philanthropist*. Written by twenty-four-year-old Christopher Hampton, it selects a benign and amusingly non-assertive professor to represent the weakness Hampton finds in modern English society. Although the play was praised and the expert performance of Alec McCowen proved highly entertaining, *The Philanthropist* managed to last only nine weeks on Broadway.

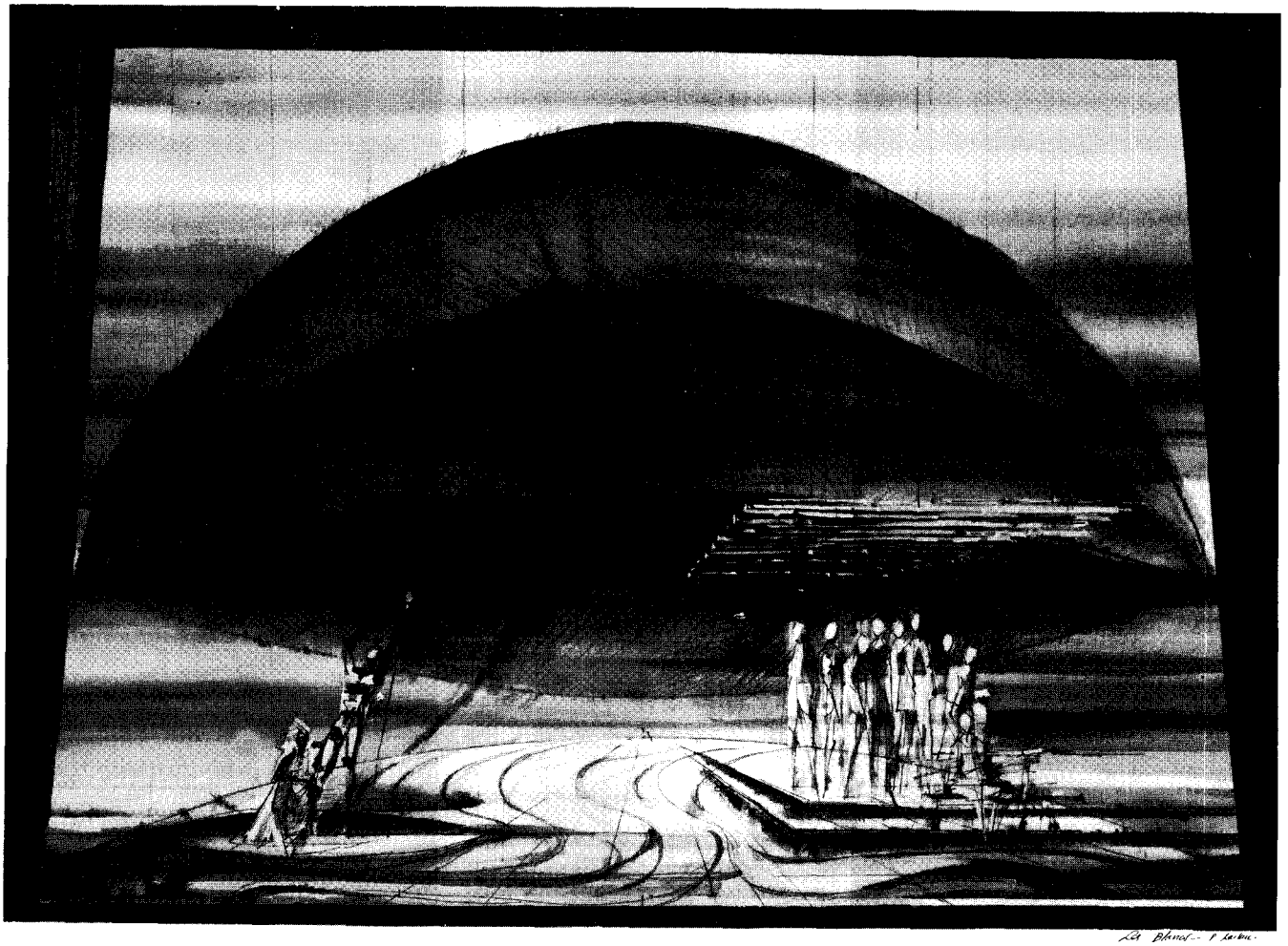
Two other foreign plays received votes. One, Marguerite Duras's *A Place Without Doors*, made totally fascinating its subtle journey through the minds of an insensitive man and his murderess wife. Despite the fact that Mildred Dunnock gave a radiant performance in the leading role, the production enjoyed only a short run here. However, the other import cited in the balloting, Anthony Shaffer's thriller *Sleuth*, turned out to be highly popular. In fact, of all the plays currently on Broadway, this theatrical spoof of murder mysteries is the only one doing capacity business.

—C. Scherfenberg

Mildred Dunnock willingly discusses her crime in "A Place Without Doors."

Edward Albee's *All Over* was forced to close after six weeks, but some critics regarded it highly. If its panorama of dangling conversations around the bedside of a dying man lacked a certain dramatic excitement, *All Over* undeniably had style and admirably resisted being anything but the rather negative statement its author wished to make. Its failure prompted producer Richard Barr to say that this was the last Albee play he and the playwright would produce without subsidy.

Another respected serious drama, the late Lorraine Hansberry's *Les Blancs*, also failed to attract audiences on Broadway. The play, which used a power struggle within an emerging African nation to explore various positions the interracial struggle forces on both blacks and whites, was at times too artificial and ambiguous. Yet it featured excellent performances by James Earl Jones and Lili Darvas and



Peter Larkin's poetic yet marvelously workable setting for "Les Blancs" subtly underscored the play's lament for troubled Africa and won him the Joseph Maharam Foundation Award for the season's best scene design for a play.

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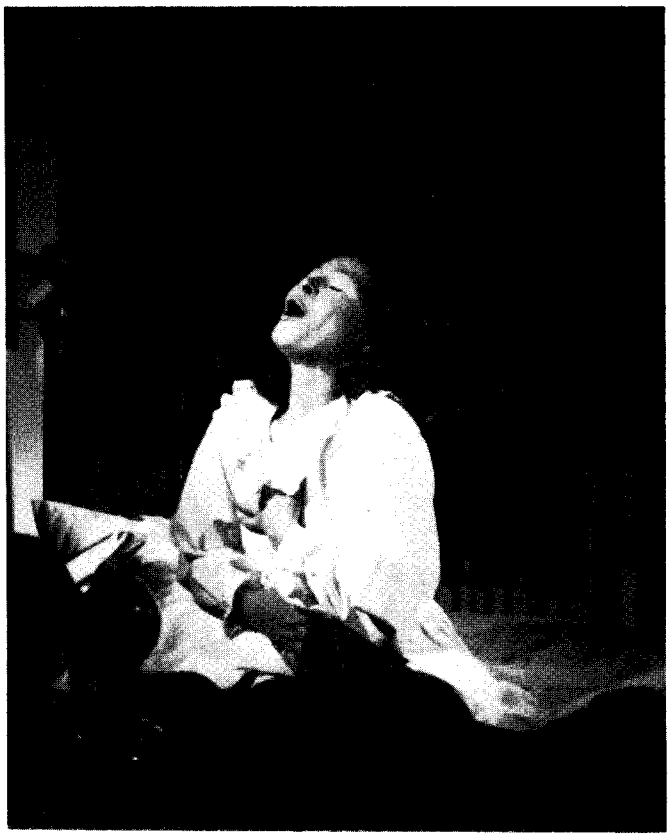

—Antony di Gesu

Irish stars at the Public Theater—Jack MacGowran (left) drolly ponders life and death in "Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett," and Siobhan McKenna (right) says what ladies weren't supposed to, as Molly Bloom in "Here Are Ladies."

was probably a more searching examination of the tragedy of racism than was the more popular *The Great White Hope* of two seasons ago.

During the season, a new Limited Gross Agreement was negotiated among the League of New York Theaters and the unions and theater owners. This agreement would make it possible for such plays as *All Over* and *Les Blancs* to run at two-thirds of the present minimum expense, provided the producer agreed to price his tickets lower. It was a welcome first step in arriving at a formula Broadway desperately needs. Yet the ultimate solution for the serious and not easily likable drama probably is the building up of a committed audience of subscribers and considerable subsidy.

Significantly, the majority of the productions receiving votes did originate at subsidized theaters. *Home* and *The Philanthropist* were first presented at Britain's Royal Court Theatre. *A Place Without Doors* came to New York directly from New Haven's Long Wharf Theater. And *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* and *Story Theatre* were both produced last season at Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum.

Story Theatre was the creation of director Paul Sills. Its technique is simple. The actors improvise the details of a story at the same time as they narrate it. But the beauty of the result comes from the intensity and freshness of the actors' confrontation with the character and his dramatic situation.

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine was offered by the Phoenix Theater at a small church. Father Daniel Berrigan's play was little more than a rearrangement of excerpts from a trial whose outcome was never in doubt. Nevertheless, it raised questions about the moral shortcomings of our institutions and challenged us to live with more commitment.

Ed Bullins was the only playwright to have two works cited. *In New England Winter*, at the Henry Street Playhouse, and *The Fabulous Miss Marie*, at Harlem's New Lafayette Theatre, were continuing demonstrations of Bullins's ability to describe black middle-class existence convincingly and with humor.

But the producer of the year was Joseph Papp, who won the Margo Jones Award for his enterprising work at the Public Theatre. Two of his presentations imported from abroad gave distinction to our season. *Jack MacGowran in the Works of Samuel Beckett* distilled the essence of Beckett into one evening. And Siobhan McKenna in *Here Are Ladies* was a rich sampler of women out of Irish literature, culminating with Molly Bloom from James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Miss McKenna's earthy rendition of Molly's soliloquy constituted the art of acting at its best.

But even more valuable was Papp's production of several new works. Among these were Dennis J. Reardon's *The Happiness Cage*, David W. Rabe's *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel*, and Robert Montgomery's *Subject to*

Jessica Tandy as the dying man's wife consoles his mistress, played by Colleen Dewhurst, in "All Over."

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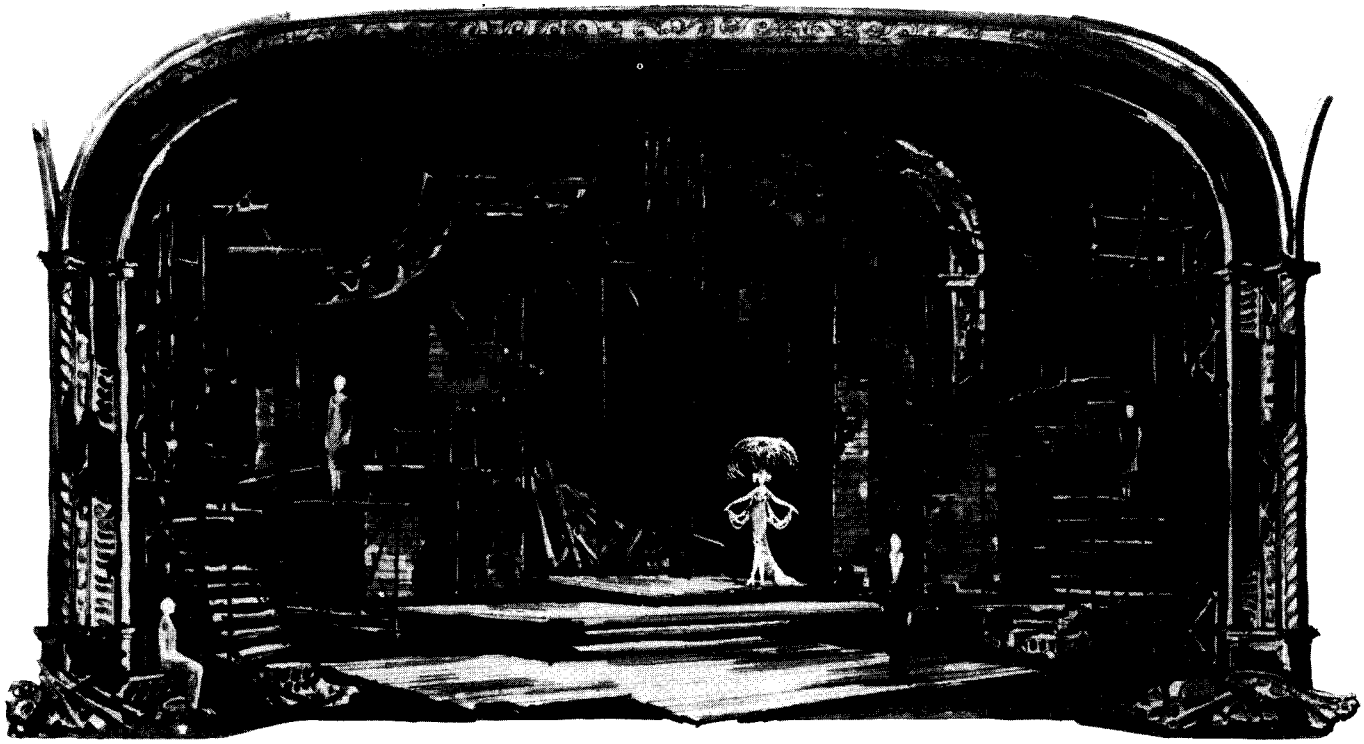

The success of "Follies" was due in great part to Boris Aronson's bold and gigantic conception of a partly demolished theater in which past and present follies would appear in perspective. For the fourth time in the last seven years, he was voted the Maharam Award for the season's best scene design for a musical.

Improvisation and innovation produced a number of the 1970-71 season's most memorable theater events. Among these were André Gregory's "Alice in Wonderland" (above) and Peter Brook's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (right).

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Fits. The third play, written by a twenty-three-year-old graduate student at the Yale Drama School, was an example of a new kind of dramatic work. The author described it as his response to Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, and it emerged as a free-flowing construction using events from the novel.

Similarly, André Gregory's *Alice in Wonderland* was a haunting personal exploration of Lewis Carroll's story by the director and a group of improvising young actors who call themselves The Manhattan Project. It ran all season at a 100-seat theater.

Of the six other plays receiving votes (Oliver Hailey's *Father's Day*; Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s *Happy Birthday, Wanda June*; Steven Tesich's *The Carpenters*; Archibald MacLeish's *Scratch*; Bruce Jay Friedman's *Steambath*; Neil Simon's *The Gingerbread Lady*), only the Simon play remained running at the season's end. However, despite a marvelous performance by Maureen Stapleton as an aging alcoholic, Simon's most serious play to date still had not earned back its production cost. Oddly enough, last year's winning American playwright, Paul Zindel, who elicited several splendid notices for his latest effort, *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, failed to garner a single third-place mention.

The voting for the season's best musical reflected the thinness of this year's crop. *Follies*, with a book by James Goldman and a score by Stephen Sondheim, won more for the excitement of its concept than it did for its realization of it. Michael Bennett's choreography, Boris Aronson's scenery, and Florence Klotz's costumes were impressive, and Alexis Smith emerged as a new Broadway star. In second place was *The Me Nobody Knows*, which successfully moved from Off-Broadway to Broadway. With a book by Stephen M. Joseph, music by Gary William Friedman, and lyrics by Will Holt and Herb Schapiro, this amalgam of expressions of ghetto teen-agers remained a disarming and attractive evening. One vote was cast for Burt Shevelove's revised revival of the 1924 musical *No, No, Nanette*, starring Ruby Keeler, Patsy Kelly, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van, with riotous costumes by Raoul Pene du Bois and superb satirical choreography by Donald Saddler. Richard Rodgers's *Two by Two*, which because of the personal appeal of Danny Kaye outlasted predominantly unenthusiastic notices, also was cited.

Since *Follies* obtained a majority of total votes cast, there was no second ballot in which second and third choices would have been expressed. Thus the Bock and Harnick salute to *The Rothschilds*, which has run all season on Broadway, was left unnoted, as were two praised Off-Broadway musicals, *The Golden Bat*, with its haunting performance by Shoichi Saito as a man who realizes the pricelessness of his love only after it is too late, and *Touch*, a homespun tale of troubled hippies.

The La Mama Experimental Theatre Club continued to be a rich and varied source of plays, with four of its attractions moving on to regular Off-Broadway playhouses. Circle in the Square scored a success with South African playwright Athol Fugard's *Boesman and Lena*, featuring intense performances by Ruby Dee and James Earl Jones. The Performance Group's joint creation, *Commune*, provoked audiences and critics sufficiently to survive. The Judson Poets Church unveiled Leon Katz's *Dracula: Sabbat*, and Al Carmines's *Christmas Rappings* and *The Journey of Snow White*. At the Brooklyn Academy of Music the Chelsea Theatre Center introduced Edward Bond's *Saved* and Heathcote Williams's *AC/DC* to New Yorkers, and Robert Wilson's impressive wordless dramatic fantasy *Deafman Glance* was given its first performance. And in Bryant Park a tent was erected to house the spectacular *Orlando Furioso* brought here from Italy.

The Drama Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center combated the move to demolish the Forum by successfully producing there A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s *Scenes from American Life* and Sean O'Casey's *Pictures in the Hallway*. The Negro Ensemble Company offered Trinidad playwright Derek Walcott's *The Dream on Monkey Mountain* as the most ambitious of its four productions. In addition to *The Carpenters*, the American Place Theatre presented George Tabori's *Pinkville*, which dealt with the Mylai incident.

Revivals of classics did better than usual. Claire Bloom in *A Doll's House* and *Hedda Gabler*, Alan Schneider's new production of *Waiting for Godot*, the Public Theatre's delicious re-creation of *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* Arvin Brown's staging of *Long Day's Journey into Night*, and Lincoln Center's *Playboy of the Western World* all drew favorable reviews. But topping them all were two brilliant revivals on Broadway. There, the Phoenix presentation of Moliére's *The School for Wives* in a remarkably felicitous translation by Richard Wilbur, nicely staged by Stephen Porter and starring Brian Bedford, erupted with traditional fun. And Peter Brook's Royal Shakespeare Company production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* approached Shakespeare in a thrillingly original way. Of all the delights of the lively 1970-71 season, it was the most disciplinedly imaginative and totally theatrical.

Deliberate exaggeration of 1924's mad combinations of intense colors and riotous patterns made designer Raoul Pene du Bois's trappings for "No, No, Nanette" a dizzying delight and gained him the 1970-71 Maharam Award for the year's best costumes.

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Senator Muskie's Foreign Pollution Policy

The National Environmental Policy Act of 1969 includes among its provisions the requirement—in subsection C of section 102—that "all agencies of the federal government" of the United States file with the White House Council on Environmental Quality a detailed statement of intention and estimate of effects before undertaking any action capable of impairing the quality of the natural environment.

Maine's Senator Edmund S. Muskie has proposed the use of this requirement as a fulcrum to expedite global monitoring and regulation of air, water, and land pollutants.

"I believe that these ["102"] statements should be passed on [from the White House] to the United Nations," the Senator on May 21 told a United Nations symposium preliminary to the International Conference on the Environment scheduled for Stockholm in 1972. Such a procedure, he suggested, could encourage other nations to require similar information from their government agencies. If the U.N. itself "should apply the same standard to the conduct of its own agencies," he observed, "this system would let every government review and comment on what every other government was doing" to protect the environment.

Exchange of environmental impact statements among the nations would not, as Muskie conceded, "alone resolve the crisis" of the moment. But it would give the U.N. its first practical tool "to direct priorities, to avoid wasteful duplication, and to assure comprehensive action."

Although not so couched, the Muskie proposal represents a challenge to President Richard Nixon, who may be running against the Maine Senator in next year's election. The appeal of the international perspective on environmental problems is overwhelming, especially to scientists who have the job of detecting pollutants, then identifying their true sources, and finally devising means of regulating the emissions. For our planet has only one atmosphere and all its oceans are connected. Pollutants don't stop for customs clearance at national boundaries. Senator Muskie has recognized these realities while Mr. Nixon is in the unenviable position of seeming to approve his State Department's refusal to accept responsibility for issuing "102" statements on foreign projects financed with American tax money through the Agency for International Development. The President cannot escape being tagged, at the very least, with ineffectual leadership, for State's resistance to sharing its information with the people has continued in spite of a contrary ruling by the Council on Environmental Quality's legal advisory committee. According to members of that committee, State's argument is a flimsy one, fabricated from fear that expressions of official American concern over a foreign project's bad effect on the environment might be interpreted as American interference in the internal affairs of other nations.

Muskie did not improve the President's negative stance by telling the U.N. symposium the United States should interfere with pollution abroad by a) cracking down on foreign subsidiaries of American corporations that tried to "export . . . pollution" and b) granting poorer countries "low interest development loans . . . that would prevent pollution now and would have to be repaid only in prosperity."

News reporters who covered the U.N. symposium to which Senator Muskie addressed his global ideas missed the significance of his proposal for worldwide circulation of environmental impact statements. This neglect should not be allowed to keep the American people unaware of what later may come to be recognized as the most cogent of all preliminaries to next year's Stockholm conference. The sweeping effect of adoption of this one suggestion can be anticipated by a brief review of what the "102s" have meant to government within the United States.

Nothing remotely like the "102" requirement had ever been experienced before it appeared in Washington Senator Henry Jackson's environmental policy bill of 1969. Federal agencies had grown so accustomed to using their public relations apparatus to tell only the favorable side of government action that many bureaucrats could not bring themselves to believe that Senator Jackson's bill really meant what its section 102 said. It just didn't seem reasonable to advertise unfavorable aspects. And the first implementing regulations adopted by the Council on Environmental Quality required only that statements of expected environmental impact had to be prepared sixty days in advance of a contemplated action. No obligation to inform the public directly was indicated. As long as the statement had been in hand for the prescribed two months, an agency did not even have to file it with the CEQ until a moment before the action was initiated.

The hypocritical quality of that exercise quickly exposed itself. In response to popular pressure, CEQ tightened the regulations to make them meaningful to those members of the body politic who wanted to participate in the decisions. Now the original draft of a 102 statement must be made public at least ninety days before action is scheduled. Copies must be sent to all other agencies known to possess special competence in the area covered by the action. Comments from these agen-

(*Continued on page* 68)

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Letters to the Editor

Dream Analysis

THE SPECIAL SECTION on "New Communities" [*SR*, May 15] was read with great interest by several of our staff, particularly the article by Wolf Von Eckardt, "A Fresh Scene in the Clean Dream." The article includes statistics from our study, *Planned Residential Environments*, which reports responses of residents living in Columbia and several other communities.

Although Mr. Von Eckardt reported that 51 per cent of Columbia residents were attracted to the community by the "idea of a fresh start—the 'Clean Dream' as an Antioch College professor called it," I feel compelled to clarify the nature of this response and amplify it with additional statistics. Specifically, 51 per cent of Columbia residents were attracted by the idea of the planned community, including the image it conveyed and the philosophy behind it. In contrast, an average of less than 10 per cent of residents in other less-planned communities gave this kind of response.

Among those respondents who mentioned some aspect of the individual house or lot as a factor that attracted them to their community, only 18 per cent of the Columbia residents did so, compared to 49 per cent of the residents in other less-planned communities.

These findings suggest that builders and residential developers would do well to plan or to have an overall concept for their developments in addition to building spacious homes on big lots.

ROBERT W. MARANS,
Institute for Social Research,
University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Keep the Faith

THE DEGREE to which Americans believe their own propaganda is occasionally terrifying to those of us outside your borders. A case in point is the following quotation drawn from Robert Nathan's article "Youth, Dollars, and Development" [*SR*, May 1]: "A million-and-a-half young people are convinced that the U.S. system can yet be made to work, not merely for Americans but for all the peoples of the world."

I take it, from the tone of the article, that Mr. Nathan intends his statement to be inspiring, or at least reassuring, to those Americans whose desire for involvement in other countries is colored by "good intentions." That coloration does nothing to reassure the rest of us chickens, least of all when it is backed by a blind faith in the American way of life. The faith is inaccessible to us, not having been brought up in it, and the mystique is opaque for the same reason.

Naked aggression—cultural, economic, or even military—of the kind that seeks to make the rest of the world work for the U.S. system is almost preferable to Mr. Nathan's ambiguities. Has it never occurred to Americans like him that even if the "U.S. system" did work within its borders, their zeal to make it work "for all peoples of the world" would still be stupidly arrogant and merely an inversion of the insularity he so deplores? It's getting hard to tell your friends from your enemies out here.

GAIL A. MCCONNELL,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan,
Canada.

Disoriented Commune

IN HIS ARTICLE "Communes: The Alternative Life-Style" [*SR*, Apr. 24] Dr. Herbert A. Otto quotes *The New York Times* as stating that I am at work "on a city of 20,000 for those who wish to live communally." This statement has no basis in fact whatsoever and makes us wonder if the entire piece wasn't cribbed from old newspaper clippings.

As a result of this whimsey, I have been the recipient of more than a few letters from . . . Easterners who are probably drooling over the possibilities of a commune of 20,000.

To give us some peace in an already beleaguered Civic Center (Angela Davis's trial), please inform the would-be joiners among *SR*'s readers that this communal new town is proposed by Synanon, a group that decided to step up from arresting drug addiction to treating all of the ills of mankind by playing the encounter game and wearing bib overalls in a dedicated way.

ALBERT SOLNIT,
Chief, Advance Planning,
Marin County Planning Department,
San Rafael, Calif.

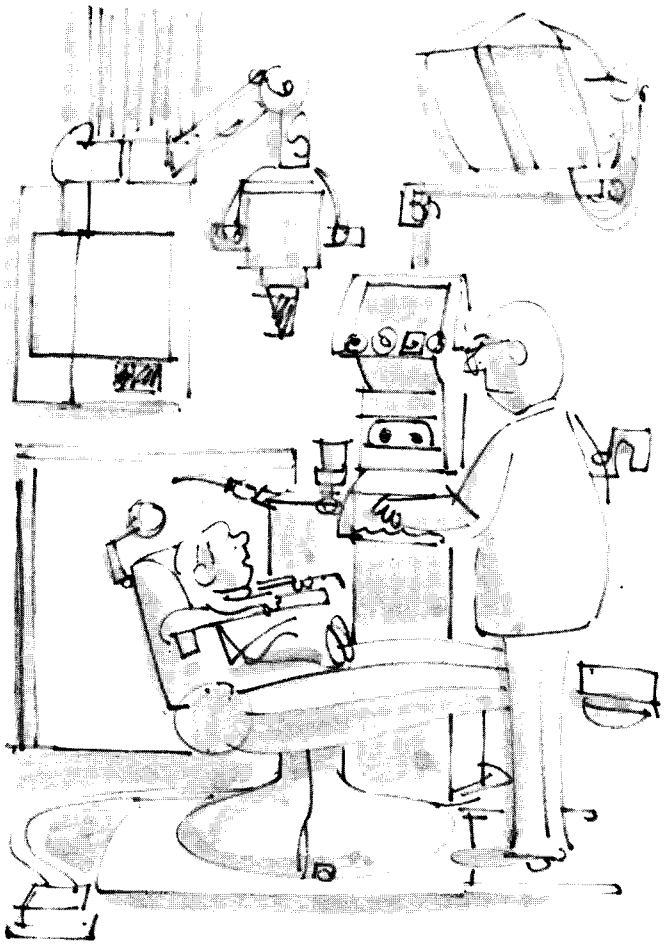
Psychiatrists' Concern

JUDD MARMOR is to be commended for his courageous article "Psychiatry and the Survival of Man" [*SR*, May 22], in which he elegantly states what some of us in psychiatry have come to feel increasingly in recent years.

He says, "Psychiatrists cannot stand aside from political matters and say that such matters are none of their business." This is in sharp contrast to the position of the president of the American Psychiatric Association, who, at the annual meeting of the association in Washington this May, consistently ruled out of order those proposals that had anything to do with the war in Indochina. The position was repeatedly stated that such proposals had no place on the agenda of a scientific and ethical organization.

I agree with Dr. Marmor that "psychiatrists by their silence become accessories to man's ultimate destruction."

J. SCOTT MORRISON, M.D.,
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry,
University of Kansas Medical Center,
Kansas City, Kan.



"Are you part of the military-industrial-dental complex?"

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"There Was Dancing"

WHEREVER ONE TURNED this spring, there was dancing. Indeed, a simple turn was not enough to catch it all; whirling, whipping *fouettés* were essential if you were determined to view theater dance spread out in all directions. Five important ballet companies—five!—overlapped at various dates (hot on the heels of the American Ballet Theatre's winter season), and these were the Stuttgart Ballet, the New York City Ballet (still playing at the State Theater), the City Center Joffrey Ballet, Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company, and Arthur Mitchell's black Dance Theatre of Harlem. Modern dance? The avant garde? Ethnic dance? Show biz? All around you. I have reported on many of these events, but permit me to give a few *fouetté* glimpses of those heretofore neglected in these pages.

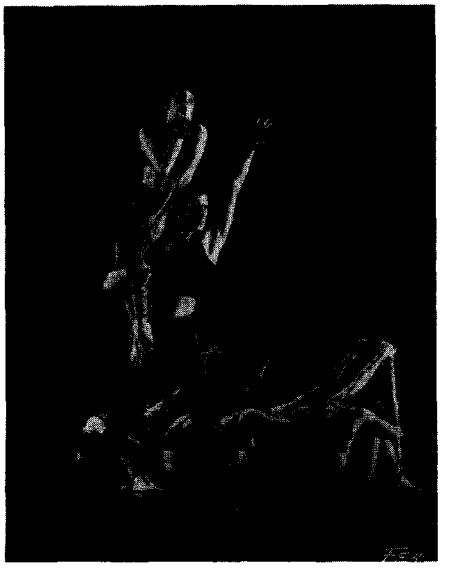
The marvelous Stuttgart Ballet, in a season at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been covered in repertory and in cast changes, except for a late-engagement divertissement program, which I have not seen at this writing. The company, with Dame Margot Fonteyn as a special guest in a ballet specially created for her, will be back at the Met in July.

The Feld company, playing the Brooklyn Academy of Music, had several Feld-choreographed novelties: *Romance* [*SR*, May 8], *Theatre* (Richard Strauss's *Burleske* for Piano and Orchestra), *The Gods Amused* (Debussy's *Danses sacrée et profane*). None was major Feld, but *Theatre*, with its evocation of the commedia dell'arte, was the most solid, with Feld himself as a haunting Pierrot. Feld has been choreographing like a whirlwind since he started with his triumphant *Harbinger* less than four years ago. It seems today that he has created too many ballets too fast in his determination to build a big personal repertory. In his first ballets, there was a healthy hint of Jerome Robbins influences, but less healthy this spring were certain dance sequences that caused someone in back of me to murmur, "Thank you, Mr. Tudor, and your *Lilac Garden*." But Feld's group, modest in size and lively in spirit, always brings moments of pleasure. But slow down, buster, you don't have to be the boy wonder anymore.

The New York City Ballet in mid-May gave us the world premiere of *Octandre*, choreographed by Richard Tanner to music of Varèse, a dreadful (in form, shape, substance, theatricality) ballet that owed something (except quality) to Robbins's *The Cage*. A one-show (thank God!) *pièce d'occasion*—the eighth annual New York City Ballet Production Fund Benefit—was also a disaster. It was *Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra* (Rolf Lieberman), co-choreographed by George Balanchine and Arthur Mitchell and integrating the New York City Ballet and the Dance Theatre of Harlem. My guess is that Balanchine's tastes prevailed, for the movement was 1930s jazz (a far cry from Mitchell jazz); and the black dancers, for most of the ballet, were called upon to do the very steps that Mitchell was trying to escape from when he founded the classic ballet-oriented Dance Theatre of Harlem. At its worst, the result was Topsy and Eva updated. On its own, Mitchell's company has done honor to the black people, to the black community, to the city itself, and to the art of ballet [*SR*, Feb. 27]. At this gala, Doc Severinsen and the Tonight Show Orchestra were the real stars. But the NYCB will survive these aberrations, fleeting and of no value to a superb Balanchine (plus Robbins) repertory.

—*Ron Protas*

Eliot Feld—"too many ballets too fast."



Paul Sanasardo, with Judith Blackstone, in "Pain"—"distilled anguish."

The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, which had taken part in a modern dance marathon at the ANTA, returned for an exhilarating engagement at the New York City Center. Beautiful indeed was Ailey's *Choral Dances* (music of Britten's *Gloriana*), best described by the final dance's program note, "these tokens of our love receiving," although bite as well as sweetness was in the work; and *Cry*, a solo, with music from Alice Coltrane, Laura Nyro, and the Voices of Harlem, a new Ailey masterwork. I saw the elegant and beautiful Judith Jamison dance it. She holds her head high—you can see the invisible crown—and yet her feet caress Mother Earth; in between is one of the most eloquent of dancing bodies, and, what is more, she relishes being an irresistible camp in one of the great Negro dance pieces of our age, Ailey's *Revelations*.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music, which has swiftly become one of the world's major dance centers, ended its spring season with the Paul Sanasardo Dance Company. It is a stunning troupe of dancers—disciplined, dedicated, attractive, and possessed of a kinetic vigor, which a good many avant-garde dance companies lack. Of the repertory I saw, I was especially impressed with *Pain*, set to music of Lutoslawski and with hypnotic mobile red-pipe décor by Robert Bayley. The work was, in truth, about pain and responses to it and expressions of it. It was incredibly powerful and, oddly, beautiful, in terms of distilled anguish. Watching it, I thought that Sanasardo had escaped the lethargy of much of the avant garde and had, in his own terms, restated the great Martha Graham theories, true and ageless, "to reveal the inner man" and "to give substance to things felt."

Sanasardo also boasts a remarkable protégé, Manuel Alum, a brilliant dancer, incisive, cool, feral, and a young choreographer of fine promise. As a performer, place him along with such modern dance whiz kids as Louis Falco, Robert Powell, Miguel Godreau, and Lar Lubovitch.

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The Badness of Bigness and the Bigness of Badness

by BARNARD LAW COLLIER

AMERICA, INC.:
Who Owns and Operates the United States

by Morton Mintz and Jerry S. Cohen

Dial, 424 pp., $10

INVISIBLE EMPIRES:
Multinational Companies and the Modern World

by Louis Turner

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 228 pp., $6.95

Morton Mintz and Jerry Cohen have written an important muckraking book but, the trouble is, it has been composed the way such exposés are these days. The work is documented to the teeth and stuffed with tiny type that tells you you are reading damning quotations from newspapers, court transcripts, and testimonies before Congressional committees. Like an autopsy report, it is clinical in its detail; there is no warm flesh, no blood, no tears. You must work hard to keep from skipping great, evil-looking chunks.

The most brilliant thing about the book is its title and subtitle, which probably will be remembered long after the contents and the authors become historic footnotes. When you think of the unthinkable power a few hundred American corporations have over millions of American and foreign lives, you can sum it up in that title, *America, Inc.*, and people will pretty much know what you mean.

The authors are professional muckrakers. Jerry Cohen is a lawyer who grew up in Detroit, as I did, and our fathers, both lawyers, were friends. Jerry was chief counsel and staff director of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. A year or so ago he went into private practice, representing the plaintiffs in antitrust cases. I don't know Morton Mintz, who is another Michigander, except by his stories in the Washington *Post*, which show he is a shrewd and tireless investigative reporter. His glib writing style dominates the book.

The theme of *America, Inc.* is the badness of bigness, and probably the bigness of badness, if you play with it a little. The authors argue that some corporations in America are like private governments and are so rich, so powerful, and so malignant that if they are not dispersed and then strictly regulated, we are in for a brand of private socialism in this country that will make the un-American rigidness of state socialism seem like a picnic. They see a time when the corporations will dominate virtually every important sector and decision of American national life, and we will all be living in the company town and owing the company store.

You may not believe that. But each day open *America, Inc.* at random and read as much as you can. The relentless way Cohen and Mintz have assembled and narrated their material will get to you.

What might irritate you in the chapter "The Executive" are the special tax advantages given to oil and gas companies. These are almost directly the result of the money oilmen have spent on favorite Presidential candidates and those close to them. Oil lobbyists have bought, for a few million dollars here, there, and in the White House, the kind of governmental treatment which saves them hundreds of millions of dollars in taxes and which costs the American consumer, as extra "private taxation," perhaps a dol-

BARNARD LAW COLLIER, a former correspondent for *The New York Times*, is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, D.C.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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lar more for each tank of gasoline he buys.

In the second chapter—about radio, television, newspapers, and book publishing—examples abound of concentration of power in a few corporate hands. Many of these companies also deal in banking, oil, distribution, or manufacturing. The result is often a contest between freedom of speech and corporate advertising interests. You know where freedom of speech comes in in that horse race.

"Crime in the Suites," a phrase attributed to Ralph Nader, who has written a first-rate introduction to the book, is a chapter about corporate crimes committed in the name of profits. Pollution and price fixing, for example. The lenient laws give corporations no real financial problem even if, on a rare occasion, one of them is convicted. They are rarely punished by the system, because the system is rigged so that

> The law locks up both man and woman
> Who steals the goose from off the common,
> But lets the greater felon loose
> Who steals the common from the goose.

Perhaps one day as your plane sits on the congested runway at La Guardia waiting for clearance to Washington you will scan your briefcase copy of *America, Inc.* and read this:

> Just how is the Civil Aeronautics Board serving the traveling public when it allows Eastern Airlines to charge $27 for the 205-mile hourly shuttle flight between New York and Washington, or 13.1 cents per mile, while PSA, an airline that operates intrastate in California and, fortunately, is therefore beyond the reach of the CAB, charges $16.20 for the 347-mile hourly shuttle flight between Los Angeles and San Francisco, or 4.6 cents per mile?

The conclusions and recommendations of *America, Inc.* strike me as awfully weak. They call essentially for more competition, and government regulation and control of corporate activities. But all along the book has said that the "private government" corporations have legislators and regulators in their pockets. Up as high as you can go, too. It is difficult to figure out how effective you can be when the other side has your top team members bought and paid for.

If you still believe that our government is of the people, by the people, and for the people, don't read this book.

"Certainly I understand the common man! I've been employing common men on the average of 15,000 a year ever since 1938!"

Invisible Empires by Louis Turner, an Englishman who has studied the United States, is about the development and potential of American international investment. It is written from a balanced point of view, with fingers crossed that Britain may yet retain even a small percentage of the global business leverage. The author, who is twenty-nine, earned degrees in psychology, philosophy, and management before becoming a teacher and writer. He knows his subject and writes clear, ungimmicky prose.

Turner is an optimist; at least he is not convinced that the increasing power of American corporations is without exception a dangerous thing. He admits, however, that Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's broadside against American multinational corporations, *The American Challenge,* was near the truth in saying that American investment *outside* the U.S. may soon represent the third largest industrial force, after the Soviet Union and mainland America. The multinational companies with vast foreign investments in almost every phase of industry and commerce are not all American-owned, but the biggest and the most influential are.

According to 1967 figures, General Motors, which *America, Inc.* warned us was a private government, has a turnover of about $20-billion a year. Compare that, says Turner, with the government of Belgium, which has a gross national product of $19.7-billion, and Switzerland, with a GNP of $15.9-billion. Standard Oil (New Jersey) has an annual sales of $13.3-billion, compared with Denmark's $12.2-billion GNP, and Austria's and Turkey's $10.6-billion. Then we have Ford with $10.5-billion and Royal Dutch-Shell (the first one on the list not American-owned) with $8.4-billion, Norway $8.3-billion, General Electric $7.7-billion, and on down the line through Chrysler, Mobil Oil, Unilever, IBM, and Texaco in the $6- and $5-billion group—compared with Portugal's mere $4.6-billion GNP.

Corporate size does not upset Turner unduly because he accepts it as inevitable.

> Like a number of Europeans, I feel somewhat ambivalent on the issue of the American antitrust authorities. On the one hand I admire the single-mindedness with which they have pursued their expressed purpose of encouraging competition and discouraging price fixing, carving up markets or the other hobbies of businessmen who would prefer an easy life at the expense of the consumer. When one considers that antitrust activities have actually imprisoned businessmen (some unfortunate General Electric employees) for price-rigging activities which in most other nations would

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have received an apologetic reprimand or a trifling fine, one can only marvel that such a body has sprung up in the nation which is the capital of business.

Professor H. V. Perlmutter's prediction in 1965 that by 1988 the bulk of the world's noncommunist trade will be dominated by 300 large companies, 200 of which will be American, is a prophecy Turner accepts. He concentrates on what the rest of the world will do with the other hundred or so huge companies and discounts almost entirely a threat to such bigness by American or European antitrust forces.

Many questions arise in Turner's book that should be answered by national governments, including ours, about the future role of multinationals. For example, how much will these companies in underdeveloped nations be concerned with social problems? Many multinationals now avoid them because they are more interested in opening up markets than in cheap and unskilled labor. (Except for the Mafia, which Turner tells us is one third bigger than General Motors by Justice Department estimates and certainly qualifies as an American multinational by most business criteria. The Mafia has been setting up "subsidiaries" in small countries whose leaders are bought with less money and less risk of national police action.) Turner doubts that subsidiaries of multinational companies will remain completely loyal to the home office; many already are being forced to make decisions on a nation-by-nation basis. The good of the entire multinational could, therefore, suffer to satisfy a part. These are delicate decisions for managers. A few mistakes—closing a plant for economical reasons in a place where plant closings are political dynamite, for example—and the way is left open for national subsidiary revolts against headquarters.

"Potentially," says Turner, "the multinational company is an overwhelming force for material progress in the world. The best of their products, we should accept; the political and social cost we must not overlook."

I read *Invisible Empires*, most of whose research material comes from American and British business publications, in a single sitting. Although I underlined and exclamation-pointed all sorts of interesting statements not mentioned here, somehow I lack confidence in the author's hard-nosed business sense. I suspect that a good executive vice president in charge of communications could boil our man down to calf's-foot jelly long before he ever found out what really was going on inside America, Inc.—or Britain, Ltd., for that matter.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Privacy and American Airlines

THE REVIEW OF Arthur R. Miller's *Death of Privacy* [*SR*, Apr., 17] refers to "the use to which some ten to fifteen inspectors a day—government and private—put the American Airlines' flight reservations computer."

If you delve deeply into Professor Miller's footnotes, you will find that the source of the information is an article in the June 25, 1968, issue of *Look* written by Jack Star, a *Look* staff writer.

I have closely questioned the person named by Star as the source of his information and find that what he told Star in a short telephone interview bears little resemblance to what appeared in *Look*. Ten to fifteen *past* record checks are conducted each day by American's own personnel. In almost every instance these checks are follow-ups to customer complaints about some specific aspect of our service. The capability to make this kind of check (a "Past Date Investigation") does not extend to the agent sets in the hands of travel agents or commercial accounts.

With respect to checks on future reservations, the computer cannot even be intelligently questioned unless it is provided a specific date and flight number. Hence, random name checks are impossible. Requests from third parties for access to our computerized records are subjected to procedures designed to protect the privacy of our customers. In general, we do not make our records (computerized or otherwise) available to outsiders unless they are subject to the subpoena power.

GENE E. OVERBECK,
Vice President
and General Counsel,
American Airlines,
New York, N.Y.

Orphic Voice

JOHN W. HUGHES'S EVALUATION in "Humanism and the Orphic Voice" [*SR*, May 22] of Robinson Jeffers is based on a shallow, erroneous understanding of Jeffers's poetry and beliefs. Whatever Jeffers may have been, he was definitely not a "protofascist." Hughes claims Jeffers once described Hitler as a "genius." This remark is taken out of context. What Jeffers did say about Hitler appears in "The Day Is a Poem—September 19, 1939":

> This morning Hitler spoke in Danzig,
> we heard his voice.
> A man of genius: that is of amazing
> Ability, courage, devotion, cored on a
> sick child's soul,
> Heard clearly through the dog wrath,
> a sick child
> Wailing in Danzig; invoking destruction and wailing at it.

Time and again Jeffers, who despised war and conquest, castigated Hitler, Lenin, Stalin and, unfortunately for his critical reputation, Churchill and Roosevelt. He felt that all rulers who pushed their nations into war, fed their "greedy/Flame on a wick dipped in the fat of millions." Jeffers deplored fascism, socialism and communism; he distrusted all politicians; at times, he hated people. And, like Nietzsche, Jeffers is often himself misunderstood.

Perhaps Hughes's most ignominous accusation is his charge that Jeffers was a "puny bourgeois." Jeffers, one of the great individualists of American literature, isolated in his stone tower on the Big Sur coast, writing, for decades, memorable poems celebrating the beauty of the universe and the glory of God, fearing the encroachment of the masses upon privacy, deploring middle-class standards and the establishment of mass-production culture in America, was not a "puny bourgeois."

ALEX A. VARDAMIS,
Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

WITH THE AID of dictionaries and encyclopedias to look up John W. Hughes's many allusions to philosophies of past and present, it is still a mystery to me what he is trying to say!

JOHN J. KINTNER,
Chatham, N.Y.

SURELY AMONG THOSE POETS condemned by John W. Hughes's tunnel-vision esthetics —Pound, McClure, Corso, Wright, Williams, Jeffers, and Lawrence—there *are* some truly "Orphic" talents!

PARKER SWANSON,
La Selva Beach, Calif.

Quebecois

BRAVO! THREE CHEERS! I was so happy to read L. L. L. Golden's review of *White Niggers of America* [*SR*, May 8]. It has been reviewed endlessly but there has been very little incisive criticism of it.

I think the premise that most irritates me is that all Anglo-Saxons (whatever they mean by this) arrived in Quebec rich, successful, and ruthless. There is never any mention of the hard work put in by the early non-French-speaking settlers, particularly the tough Scots.

A. ROUTLEY,
Montreal, Que.

Mr. Golden Answers

MRS. BROWER [BOOK FORUM, June 5], Quebec is not the only province that discriminates against blacks.

Miss Malen [BOOK FORUM, June 5], to equate me with Governor Wallace is the kind of tactic which makes civil discussion next to impossible.

Mr. Shanahan [BOOK FORUM, June 5], the 1969 figures of per capita personal disposable income show that Quebec's was

(*Continued on page* 43)

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THE RADICAL ALTERNATIVE

by Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber and Michel Albert translated from the French by H. A. Fields

Norton, 204 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by David Schoenbrun

■ About two years ago a new oracle was heard in Paris, a clarion voice that proclaimed a dynamic future for Western Europe, which, united, would arise like a phoenix from the ashes of economic decline and free itself from the choking embrace of its closest ally, the United States. The prophet was Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, and the message was contained in *The American Challenge,* which rapidly became a world-wide best seller. Acclaimed everywhere, the book was most popular in America, for Americans share two qualities with the French—a vanity that thrills to see its face in every mirror, and a masochism titillated by any and all criticism.

Arthur Schlesinger, in a foreword to the American edition, said that the book "may do for European unity much what Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* did for American Independence." Even so soft-spoken a man as Jean Monnet, the father of European unity, extolled *The American Challenge* and proposed that it be taught in the schools. *Life* magazine joined in the chorus, tongue-in-cheekily, calling it a "sort of Gallic Galbraith act."

From that initial rocketing into space, Servan-Schreiber went into orbit, lecturing at universities in Paris, Rome, and Berlin and at Princeton and Harvard, as well as in the counting houses of the world of high finance and industry. If to hyperbolic historians he was another Thomas Paine, to others he was the new capitalism's answer to the old Marxism. And to many Frenchmen he offered a hoped-for break with the stifling politics of Gaullism and a chance for a noncommunist Left to rally against the forces of conformism and collectivism then vying for control of France.

Never having suffered a modest day in his life, Jean-Jacques—or Gigi, as both friends and enemies began calling him (a nickname derived from the French pronunciation of his initials and the Colette character Gigi)—saw himself as the post-de Gaulle savior of France. He moved quickly into the helm of the Radical Party with politician Maurice Faure and became a candidate for the National Assembly from Nancy, an industrial center of eastern France. His brilliant campaign, a deliberate and competent imitation of the Kennedy style, was spectacularly successful. Servan-Schrieber trounced the Gaullists and the Communists and overnight achieved political leadership of France and, indeed, of Western Europe.

Jean-Jacques moved to consolidate his position as head of the Radical Party, for which he wrote a manifesto —called here *The Radical Alternative.* But whereas the economic fuel of *Challenge* was solid and burned brightly, the political fuel of *Radical* is amorphous and expels smoke and hot air.

The pomposity of his prose style may be found in the first paragraph. "From the distant reaches of the Orient we hear the chanting of the slogans of a new, grandiose, and terrible ambition. Mao, of whom history will possibly say that he alone proved capable of perceiving the immensity of our epoch, announces 'a great revolutionary tempest, overturning heaven and earth.'" Mao will attempt to do this "through man's submission to organization." But, writes Jean-Jacques, "Here we are concerned with something else. We are concerned with the exact opposite." Exit Mao—never again to be referred to—and enter Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, with his Radical Alternative.

His something else is revolution through reform of existing institutions and methods. "For our part, we have to understand that [it] consists precisely in transforming spectators into actors; in allowing the gushing forth of life, which is more complex, more fruitful, more creative than any theory or, if you like, any economic law. For us, revolution means freedom to control and to shape our own future." And so forth and so on, in a style familiar to any parent whose child has gone through the *lycée* system, preparing for the *bachot* examination. One can only wonder who really wrote *The American Challenge.*

It is not that Servan-Schreiber fails to say sensible even enlightening things. He has many insights into the failures of contemporary political, economic, and social life. He perceives economist Paul Samuelson's error in saying "the consumer is king." The truth, he argues, is that as consumers manipulated by modern methods of advertising and marketing we are all slaves. But the effect is weakened by turgid statements such as: "This is the First Commandment." Gigi as Moses is simply too much.

His formula for a new, non-Marxist socialist revolution is summarized in four pages and then expanded in four chapters. The ingredients are: 1) separation of political power from economic power; 2) access to social equality; 3) the end of hereditary private power; 4) redistribution of public power.

The ideas are not original; they are simply dressed up to look new. The ultimate test will be political. Can Servan-Schreiber reactivate the Center of French politics on a platform of human, democratic socialism? The answer does not look encouraging for him. In the recent nation-wide, municipal elections the Gaullists maintained their majority, and the Communists slightly increased their seats. The Center held dead center, with little sign of fresh life. Of course, nothing is conclusive in French politics, but it is

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apparent that the Radical Alternative, as a program, or as a book, is not a sequel to European union and *The American Challenge.*

Servan-Schreiber would be well advised to try to be Europe's Thomas Paine, with purposeful common sense, rather than attempt succession to de Gaulle with post-Marxian, pseudoscientific manifestoes.

David Schoenbrun, author of "As France Goes" and "The Three Lives of Charles de Gaulle," was chief news correspondent for CBS in Paris and Europe from 1947-1963.

OFF COURSE:
From Truman to Nixon

by Rexford G. Tugwell

Praeger, 326 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Sidney Hyman

■ Rexford G. Tugwell has lived most of his life on the common frontier where political theory and political practice meet. An original member of FDR's "Brains Trust" and former Governor of Puerto Rico, Tugwell, who is now a senior fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, has also been a professor of economics and political science at various universities. He has, moreover, written a number of books whose texts have pronounced their worth.

But what of his new book? *Off Course* has a literary style that combines graceful muscularity with emotion. Its critique of Presidential policies and priorities since Franklin D. Roosevelt's time has the ring of authenticity. So far, so good. Yet the book invites the kind of judgment Macaulay made of an English statesman. The man, he said, had so great a reputation for sagacity and cunning that, whenever he acted, people spent sleepless nights probing for secret and complex motives behind what in fact had been blunders.

Mr. Tugwell's avowed intention here is to continue "more or less" the theme of his 1956 book, *A Chronicle of Jeopardy*, where he argued for abandonment of the policy of containment and a resumption of negotiations with the Soviet Union. If he had adhered closely to that purpose, his latest views would stand or fall on their own merits. But he weakens his argument by turning the book into a denunciation of Presidents Harry S Truman and Lyndon B. Johnson, and a paean to President Richard M. Nixon, who emerges as a worthy follower of FDR's policy of negotiation.

The author asks us to join him in judging the nation and the world today by the actions and thoughts of Roosevelt. He wants us to consider what life would be like if FDR had lived as long as Stalin, Churchill, and de Gaulle; if he had been elected President for a fifth term in 1949 and for a sixth in 1952; and if all his postwar plans had been carried out.

Most of us have a natural tendency to speculate; the juggling of *ifs* can be harmlessly diverting as long as we keep conjecture and reality separated. Mr. Tugwell, however, merges guesswork with facts.

FDR was, to his mind, a man whose virtues towered so high as to touch the soles of the Heavenly Choir's sandals. Thus, while his deficiencies in knowledge and perception are explained as transient aberrations, similar flaws in Truman and Johnson are ascribed to their arrogance, stupidity, and Senate conditioning. Mr. Tugwell seems to imply that President Truman's greatest error was in not forcing a postwar settlement by threatening to drop the A-bomb on Russia. Next in the hierarchy of errors was the failure of the Presidents after FDR to join with other leaders of the Big Powers in limiting self-determination among the smaller nations.

Since Roosevelt, in Tugwell's view, was a leader of such great gifts that he could make a crab walk straight, any resistance to his wisdom would have vanished had he lived longer. According to this theory, there would be harmony between the United States and the Soviet Union, mutual respect for each other's interests, fruitful negotiations on all differences, no doctrine of containment, and no arms race. There would have been no war in Korea or in Vietnam, no division of Germany, no trouble in the Middle East. There would have been an end to racial strife at home, with small farms and towns flourishing and great cities rebuilding.

Since this idealized world is infinitely better than the real thing, Mr. Tugwell naturally prefers it. He concedes that Truman and Johnson did a few good things here and there but they are responsible for the dreadful shape the world is in. The moral seems to be that Americans should not elect Presidents who have served in the Senate. Of course, John F. Kennedy, whom Mr. Tugwell admires, had a Senate background, and President Nixon was also in the Senate.

One thing more, which involves a point of contrast: Harry L. Hopkins, who was FDR's alter ego during the war years, had been out of the government for a month when the Potsdam Agreement was announced. I was about to collaborate with him on a book that later became *Roosevelt and Hopkins* and asked him for his reaction. "It looks," he said, "as if President Truman and Jimmy Byrnes did a good job. But you can't tell what the real problems are unless you're *there* and intimately involved in them, and unless you understand all the background and implications of what is said and what isn't said. The way the situation changes from day to day—or from minute to minute—if you lose touch with it for the month, as I have, you're just about as ignorant of it as anybody else."

It seems strange to me, therefore, that Mr. Tugwell does not hesitate to predict exactly what Roosevelt would have done in all the twenty-six years since his death in April 1945.

Sidney Hyman is the author of "Politics of Consensus."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

NATIVE STOCK

Not all the red Indians of literature have been painted black. Corinne Condé of Santa Fe, New Mexico, asks you to link these dozen examples with the authors in whose books they have appeared. If you get scalped, gallop to page 68.

1. Abel ( )
2. Alessandro ( )
3. Chingachgook ( )
4. Cornplanter ( )
5. Crazy Horse ( )
6. Jacinto ( )
7. Nokomis ( )
8. Pocahontas ( )
9. Runi ( )
10. Sacajawea ( )
11. Slim Girl ( )
12. Tiger Lily ( )

a. J. M. Barrie
b. Carl Carmer
c. Willa Cather
d. James Fenimore Cooper
e. W. H Hudson
f. Helen Hunt Jackson
g. Oliver La Farge
h. Lewis and Clark
i. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
j. N. Scott Momaday
k. Mari Sandoz
l. John Smith

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The Importance of Being Ethnic

by DAVID DEMPSEY

When the *SR* Anisfield-Wolf Awards were established thirty-seven years ago, the idea of "race relations" vaguely implied that if all was not well in the melting pot, somehow it was getting better. This was before the Great Society, Black Power, and the modern concept of "cultural pluralism" encouraged first- and second-generation Americans to assert their heritage after decades of submerging it in the search for acceptance. The idea was to get melted down, and a great many books on the subject were of the "please-try-to-be-a-little-more-like-us" variety that made a virtue of a transcendent (and largely imaginary) Americanism.

From the beginning, the judges of the Anisfield-Wolf Awards have sought to counteract this trend by singling out books that respected the cultural differences and rights of all peoples; only in this way could amity among different ethnic groups be advanced. Their choices demonstrated that maintaining one's heritage was not incompatible with being a good American; now, in a sense, the country has caught up with this point of view as—most notably during the past few years—the importance of being ethnic has reasserted itself. Culturally, there is a strong urge to de-assimilate, to undo what our grandfathers struggled for and become again an ethnic component, an endeavor that succeeds only to the extent that the immigrant of yesterday is economically and socially secure today. The paradox of the new ethnicity is that it operates not out of necessity but privilege.

This leaves, I'm afraid, the deprived minority groups to fend for themselves. It is no accident that the most challenging books on the subject during the past several years have dealt with such forgotten, or at least neglected, groups as the Indian, the Negro, and the Chicano—early arrivals, so to speak, who have had to become ethnic in order to become American. The winners of the 1971 Anisfield-Wolf Awards (selected by a committee under the direction of anthropologist Ashley Montagu) illustrate again how much an appreciation of a people's past is sharpened by an awareness of its present way of life.

This is particularly the case with Carlton Mabee's *Black Freedom* (Macmillan), an account of the nonviolent abolitionists from 1830 through the Civil War. Here is an example of history made "relevant" by contemporary events. "I have tried to tell the story largely as [the abolitionists] themselves saw it and felt it, and at the same time select aspects . . . relevant to the present," Professor Mabee writes. "The parallels [freedom rides, sit-ins, school boycotts, pray-ins, economic sanctions, civil disobedience] are many between the methods of the abolitionists . . . and those of their counterparts in the twentieth century, and the study of such parallels . . . may suggest methods to try or methods to avoid in the continuing struggle to reduce man's inhumanity to man." Chairman of the History Department at State University, New Paltz, N.Y., Professor Mabee is a Pultizer Prize-winner for his biography of Samuel F. B. Morse.

"Black freedom" is part white; and so, inevitably, is Robert W. July's *A History of the African People* (Scribners), which concentrates on Africa from the early nineteenth century to the present. Professor July discusses the various tribes and their cultures, the effects of partition, apartheid, the missionaries, colonial rule, the coming of independence and present-day Pan-Africanism. Although considerable space is devoted to the new African nations, this is no handbook on revolt. Professor July, who teaches history at Hunter College, has organized his material in a textbook style, which sometimes makes for heavy reading; yet I doubt if any other single volume on modern Africa contains so much useful information for the general reader. Here is John Gunther with a Ph.D.

The Death and Rebirth of the Seneca (Knopf), by Anthony F. C. Wallace, is subtitled "The History and Culture of the Great Iroquois Nation, Their Destruction and Demoralization, and Their Cultural Revival at the Hands of the Indian Visionary, Handsome Lake." That about sums it up. Handsome Lake, who bridged the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, was a reformed alcoholic-cum-guru who fashioned a new religion for his people out of pagan superstitions and Quaker Christianity—a religion still practiced by the Senecas today. A native of Toronto, Professor Wallace is chairman of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania.

Stan Steiner, author of *La Raza: The Mexican Americans* (Harper & Row) is a New Yorker who "commutes" to the Southwest as sometime poet, journalist, and *aficionado* of Indian life. Steiner was inspired to write this book by the "courthouse raid" of Reies Tijerina's Alianza but it soon became a broad study of the Chicanos and their fight for social and economic justice. Although the author writes as a partisan, and the result has been called "uncritical and nonscholarly reportage," there is no doubt that the real Chicano does stand up—with Steiner's help. *La Raza* brings into angry focus a movement that most Americans know very little about.

Scholarship itself does not necessarily promote better race relations. Action based on scholarship may. The emphasis of all four winners, who share a cash prize of $3,000, is on discovering the roots of a given culture whose heirs play a significant, sometimes an abrasive, role in the world today. Their approaches differ. Steiner writes virtually as an ombudsman; Mabee is a historian in the humanistic tradition; July has chosen to study the factors working toward the liberation of a Third World continent; Wallace is an anthropologist who focuses on cultural revival. All of these books are timely. It might be noted that, although they deal with people of color, they are written by members of the white majority. (A majority, that is, in the U.S.—worldwide, Caucasians are a minority race.) But this, indeed, is one way that understanding works.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1454

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1454 will be found in the next issue.

ATAYVK RW G HVGFK QYAGS

LBGL BYGVPW HYJYVTP VGIW

GSP LBVYQW GQGK OYYP.

—G. Y'AGJJTK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1453

For God's sake give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

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THE RUDIMENTS OF PARADISE: Various Essays on Various Arts

by Michael Ayrton

Weybright & Talley, 319 pp., $12.50

Reviewed by Franz Schulze

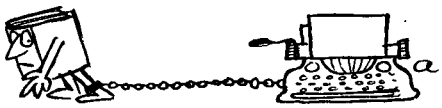
■ Given the British reputation for verbal facility and his own for probity, C. P. Snow's remark in 1962 that Michael Ayrton "can talk as well as any man in England" should be taken as a compliment indeed. Nor is there any reason to believe Snow would alter his judgment after reading this book of essays on art and artists, written by Ayrton between 1944 and 1970. The prose style is exceptionally keen and felicitous throughout, and it helps to turn Ayrton's "unusual density of knowledge" (Snow in praise again) into art criticism of cultivation and polish. The range of subject matter is formidable—from Egyptian labyrinths to twentieth-century portraits, from the impact of the Black Death on Sienese painting to a discussion of the psychology of the Minotaur myth.

The literati, especially those conversant but not intimate with the plastic arts, will enjoy a voyage through this illustrated volume with its multitude of learned references. Art professionals, on the other hand, may approach it more charily. They know Ayrton more as an artist than as a writer and may have doubts about someone who fancies himself adept in two such different media. Admittedly this view is snobbish, and in one of his pieces Ayrton dismisses the stereotype of the artist as a "semi-sacred idiot." He suggests that "perhaps the menace of the image maker's magic can thus be partially dispersed or hidden and the disquieting relationship he has with society becomes easier to condone."

Yet this argument does not banish all the critics' prejudices against Ayrton. For one thing, many recall distressing encounters with his art, which has much of the fustian about it. He has ventured into grand themes—Daedalus, Icarus, the Minotaur, and the Oracle—but he has rarely coaxed more from them than clichés and studio bombast. Mingled with this recollection are those claims by Ayrton's promoters of their man's prowess in still other fields—television, film-making, stage design. Now if his art had continued to grow, we might be willing to believe we have a new universalist in our midst, but, since there is a slickness about it, one begins with his critics to suspect the magnitude of his enterprises. May he not be more rhetorician than Renaissance man? If this is *ad hominem* reasoning, many of us may remember it when we pick up this book.

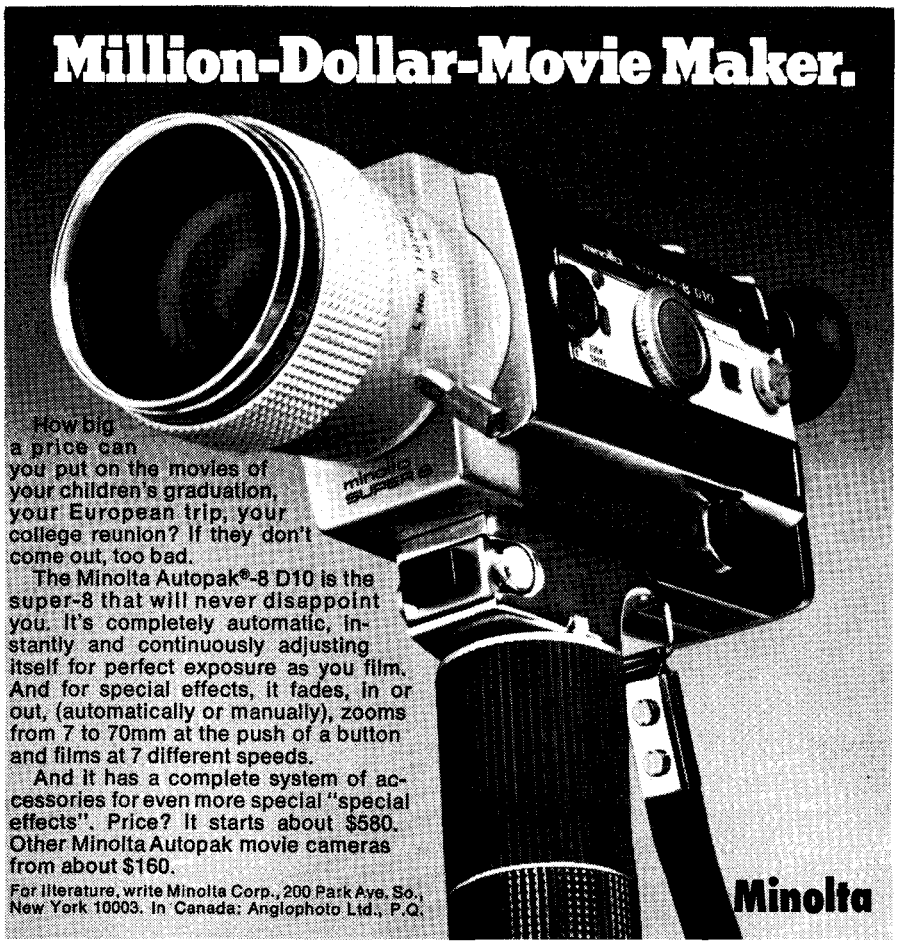
To his credit, Ayrton does much to dispel suspicion. His erudition, it turns out, is genuinely solid and his insights at times surpassing. The first of his three essays on Michelangelo contains some impressively sensitive observations about the complementary relationships between the artist's sculpture and his sonnets. Ayrton is equally compelling and intelligent in his analysis of the works of Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Watteau, and Seurat. Such critical writing is the lively product of a bright and compulsive mind that apparently has to prove its authority over all modes of expression, over literature as well as art and—witness two essays—over music, too. One is willing to accept this attribute, especially when Ayrton writes well, and to forgive him his intellectual muscle-flexing.

But there are times when his polish seems a mere cover-up for saying little (Ayrton's essays on the "visualness" of Hector Berlioz's music add up to elaborate costuming for one or two respectable but rather simple thoughts), and the façade is no better than tinsel in his huffing, sour-grapes' commentaries on Pablo Picasso. Ayrton was only twenty-three when he took aim at Picasso in 1944 in a piece, which appears here, called "The Master of Pastiche." He admitted it was a youthfully intemperate effort, but it showed his blindness to Picasso's magnificent gifts in the building of plastic form. Ayrton's subsequent attempts to excuse himself never really persuade the reader that he has understood this



central and profound quality in the Spaniard's work. He never misses an opportunity to needle Picasso—that is, to depict him as a harlequin and a bull jouster, an adroit gesturer whose extraordinary talents are kept from growth by their very abundance and virtuosity. I cannot resist speaking *ad hominem* again. Ayrton seems guilty of wrongheaded criticism and jealousy toward a maddening artist who succeeds at being not only dazzlingly clever but also titanic, whereas Ayrton—who yearns to be both, in art and prose—is obliged to get along with the former.

Franz Schulze is art critic of the Chicago Daily News and professor of art at Lake Forest College.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THE MAGIC WILL:
Stories and Essays of a Decade

by Herbert Gold

Random House, 304 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Felicia Lamport

■ "The work of the writer is a way out and a way in, and both at the same time, and that's why this book faces two ways," Herbert Gold writes, justifying somewhat murkily the mixture of fact and fiction in this collection of short pieces of the Sixties. But *The Magic Will* faces so many ways that the reader must go through a close-order drill to stay with it. At its best it is poignant, evocative, ironic, lyric, and witty. At its worst it is turgid, self-enunciatory, righteous, pretentious, and slipshod. Good and bad alternate and intermingle until the result adds another corollary to Gresham's Law: bad writing tends to drive the good from one's mind.

It is a pity. Parts of this book rank with the best writing in the author's ten previous titles—from *Birth of a Hero* to *Salt, Fathers,* and *The Great American Jackpot.* These portions are so fine they might even have been memorable in a collection edited with greater care. But *The Magic Will* is shapeless and uneven; its pieces seem to have been gathered in by a dragnet and strung together at random, with no regard for chronology or any other perceptible principle.

Of the ten stories and eleven essays here, a few have appeared in magazines. In the course of much rhetoric about the "constant skirmish and fading over and across" between the two forms, Mr. Gold says that his essays are stories and his stories essays. The stories, however, are all clearly labeled, and the essay form is stretched like a vast umbrella to cover a gallimaufry of disquisitions, notes, journals, sketches, homilies, and *aperçus.* The author undertakes to coalesce them into a "cross-fertilization of fiction and fact, true lies and partial perspectives," which will "fix the real within the unreal within the real"; his style, though, is so high-flown that it outsoars its material. "Style that does not work is mere manner," he writes. If he could make his judgment reflexive he would be his own best critic.

Mr. Gold can succeed brilliantly when he is at his simplest and least intrusive, as he is in several of his stories, most notably in "Song of the First and Last Beatnik," a vivid and compassionate evocation of San Francisco's subculture. But in most of the narrative he suffers from a compulsion to undercut his best effects, shattering a delicate mood with a wisecrack, crushing a valid idea under a ponderous sermon, or mercilessly overworking a line he admires. An aphorism to the effect that absolute powerlessness corrupts absolutely, which appeared in his novel *Salt,* crops up here on the lips of a Haitian poet, and still again farther on in the book, where its familiarity seriously diminishes Mr. Gold's impassioned essay on violence.

A more deliberate repetition undermines his account of the tragedy witnessed at the Paris airport, when the charter plane carrying the Atlanta museum group exploded. He writes that at first he recalled only a concentration of Southern accents, then, "Like cards turning up, one after another of these people showed themselves to me." The image is a poignant one, and "flipped up like silent cards" comes as a poetic echo a few lines later. But a sense of echolalia sets in at the third and fourth repetitions; when these cards turn up for the eighth time, all poignance has vanished. The reader feels only a sick impulse to say, "Shut up and deal."

He is soon won back into Mr. Gold's camp by the touching story " 'I Want a Sunday Kind of Love,' " about a divorced man's Christmas visit to his daughters. The style is controlled and the impact strong. "He bit hard into memory as if it were a plum. It was a black rock and his teeth hurt. And then he thought: 'I need a wife of my own, wife and children with me every day. I need someone standing with me in the mirror.' "

Yet, once more, the reader is forced to make an about-face. In the final chapter Mr. Gold outlines several plausible stories that he has decided not to write and explains on the highest literary and moral grounds why each would fail. His critical judgment is sound; it might even seem impressive if one of these stories had not already appeared in the book, precisely as outlined, even to the chatty little introduction about his difficulties with an editor. The reader who has paid $7.95 plus sales tax may be pardoned for thinking that the author, or at least the editor, should have read the material all the way through before recycling it into book form.

Exasperation, however, should not wholly blot out appreciation of Mr. Gold's considerable talent. Careless flaws and self-indulgent foibles may threaten him with tenure as dean of the promising young writers, but the promise remains.

"I hate to say this, but, even under our brutally slashed research budget, I've made an important discovery."

Felicia Lamport is the author of "Mink on Weekdays," "Cultural Slag," and "Scrap Irony."

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WIDER WAR:
The Struggle for Cambodia, Thailand, and Laos

by Donald Kirk

Praeger, 320 pp., $10

THE INDOCHINA STORY:
A Fully Documented Account

by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars

Pantheon, 347 pp., $8.95

LAOS:
War and Revolution

edited by Nina S. Adams and Alfred W. McCoy

Harper & Row, 482 pp., $15; paperback, $4.75

CAMBODIA:
The Widening War in Indochina

edited by Jonathan S. Grant, Laurence A. G. Moss, and Jonathan Unger

Washington Square, 355 pp., paperback, $1.25

Reviewed by Richard Butwell

■ The "wider war"—the struggle for control of Indochina and adjacent Thailand—did not begin with the United States-South Vietnamese "incursion" last year into Cambodia, although a growing literature says that it did. Nor did the American-supported thrust by the South Vietnamese into Laos this spring dramatically widen the war. The four countries that are the battlefield of this war—Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand—have been quarreling and fighting among themselves for centuries and probably would be doing so today even without American intervention.

Surprisingly, the historic political and military clashes between them have received sparse treatment in the many publications about the Vietnam War and the broader Southeast Asian scene. In the 1930s, for example, Ho Chi Minh encouraged the growth of Thai communism, and after the war he also sought links with Burma's Communists farther west. The Vietnamese Communists may even have had a limited hand in the 1951 attempt to overthrow the Bangkok government.

Donald Kirk's *Wider War* treats the present-day fighting in Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand as part of a "regional war" that includes Vietnam. The author's delineation of the interaction between the four theaters of war is by far the book's strongest point. But Kirk does not provide much new information except for the section on the ouster in March 1970 of Cambodian Prince Norodom Sihanouk, which is more detailed and analytical than T. D. Allman's chapter, "Anatomy of a Coup," in *Cambodia: The Widening War in Indochina*. Kirk's may be the best account so far of the complicated power play that overthrew Sihanouk. The resulting political-military situation, he rightly asserts, is the major challenge to the "Nixon Doctrine."

In places *Wider War* reads too much like a long newspaper article—as when Kirk, an experienced journalist, recounts an interview with the head of Thailand's "Communist Suppression Operations Command." At the same time, he does not attempt to lead the reader to any predetermined set of conclusions.

An altogether different kind of a book is *The Indochina Story*, by the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars. The CCAS was formed in 1968 "to protest American aggression in Vietnam," and the purpose of this book—which also treats the fighting in Southeast Asia as one war—is to bring together scattered "essential information" and to provide "a readily usable handbook containing the arguments for total and immediate American withdrawal from Indochina."

The Indochina Story is an impassioned, often moving brief against what its thirty-seven contributors condemn as a brutally destructive American imperialist war in Indochina. Some of the information presented as fact is, however, open to serious question.

The "prime piece of evidence" to support the charge that there was an American plot against Prince Sihanouk in 1959 is "a letter allegedly from President Eisenhower, found in the villa of a conspiring general, 'pledging full support to a projected coup and to a reversal of Cambodian neutrality.'" In northern Thailand today, according to the authors, there is an "insurrection of 45,000 Meo tribesmen," which would give Thailand more indigenous insurgents than are claimed for either Cambodia or Laos.

"Facts" like these make *The Indochina Story* less reliable than Kirk's *Wider War*. In addition, several arguments in the CCAS book are hard to accept. That the North Vietnamese, for instance, "have been forced increasingly to rely on the [Ho Chi Minh] trail through parts of Laos because of U.S. escalation of the war in South Vietnam and in 1965 into North Vietnam" is true enough. In the eyes of the authors, however, this North Vietnamese violation of Laotian sovereignty is apparently justified because the Americans have their "own bases and secure supply routes to conduct the war in the Philippines, Thailand, Okinawa, Guam, etc., as well as in the form of the Seventh Fleet."

Such blind spots are the more regrettable because of the powerful case the CCAS makes against American policy. Whereas Kirk does not document the destruction in Vietnam and Laos as thoroughly as they, he, too, lays bare the huge war-toll in ravaged cities and towns, in addition to the multitude of civilian and military casualties.

Most important, though, both books see further havoc and suffering if the American war role continues in Indochina. Kirk is optimistic that most U.S. combat forces will be out of Vietnam by mid-1972, but the CCAS sees "the withdrawal of American troops at the present time as a ploy to lengthen the war instead of shortening it." Different though they are, these studies add depth and perception to the problem and should be required reading for those who want to understand where the United States stands in Indochina and where it may be headed.

The Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars is also responsible for the publication of *Laos: War and Revolution* and *Cambodia: The Widening War in Indochina*. These anthologies in the tradition of the previously widely read *Vietnam*, edited by Marvin Gettleman,

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and *The Viet-Nam Reader*, edited by Marcus Raskin and the late Bernard Fall, are timely but not quite as good as the earlier collections. The chapter "After Geneva: Subverting Laotian Neutrality," by D. Gareth Porter, in *Laos: War and Revolution* is scholarly, well-written, and well-organized, making its point much more tellingly than some of the more argumentative material on Laos in *The Indochina Story*.

The three CCAS books present a unified attitude although several selections in the two anthologies differ somewhat in perspective. The CCAS, which has chapters on many campuses, has already done much to galvanize the public against continued American involvement in Indochina, and these three volumes will add to the impact.

Richard Butwell, author of "Southeast Asia Today—and Tomorrow" and other books, is chairman-designate of the Political Science Department of the State University of New York College at Brockport.

CAPONE:
The Life and World of Al Capone

by John Kobler

Putnam, 409 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ For all those who are flocking to ogle Ruby Keeler and who come away misty-eyed from *Follies* or *70, Girls, 70*, this fine book is almost the perfect antidote (I won't say cure, for there is probably no remedy for nostalgia). John Kobler tells us what the Twenties and early Thirties were really like, and the plain fact is that, far from being tender and frolicsome, those years were rough and nasty. They were typified by Al Capone, John Torrio, "Bugs" Moran, Dion O'Banion, and William Hale ("Big Bill") Thompson—cutthroat brigands all. Let 'em try to make a musical out of Capone's rise to civic eminence, titled, maybe, "The St. Valentine's Day Massacre, or How to Get Ahead in the Bootleg Business with a Tommy Gun." But I hesitate to offer such a suggestion, lest some entrepreneur take it up and make enough moolah to open a Swiss bank account.

Studiously researched and readably told by a former star crime reporter, *Capone* is an important and relevant book, for it illuminates both the still-prevalent business ethics of crime and the political and social milieu essential to successful lawlessness. The ethics, as Capone's progress up the ladder of the underworld showed, are strangely akin to those practiced and praised in private industrial enterprise: aggressive salesmanship of products of dubious quality, the elimination of competition, the achievement of status through high profit margins, rationalization through mergers and conglomerization, and the flowery finale—departure from this world in an orgy of eulogies.

Capone, as Kobler points out, was a faithful exponent of the American Way, and he was justifiably aggrieved when he discovered that he was not totally loved. "I've been spending the best years of my life as a public benefactor," he said. "I've given people the light pleasures, shown them a good time. And all I get is abuse—the existence of a hunted man."

This is precisely the attitude of today's Mafiosi: They're giving the public a chance to gamble, to purchase drugs, to borrow money, to play the slot machines, to indulge in elegant whoring, so why the persecution?

Capone, as does the Mafia, took out insurance for the profitable and unruffled conduct of his business, in the form of bought politicians and office-holders. It is this protection that made Capone king of Chicago, just as it now makes the Mafia an overlord in various American cities. In Capone's day protection was very unsubtle: he often paid off in his hotel suite on Sunday after church to cops and politicians alike. Nowadays, of course, things are more sophisticated. Sometimes an office-holder declined to stay bought, a situation that earned Capone's condemnation. "There's only one thing worse than a crook," he explained, "and that's a crooked man in a big political job."

Although Kobler makes clear the liaison between crime and politics, he does not explore the links between the Chicago business community and the politicians. That's a pity, for Big Bill Thompson was as much a creature of complacent business as he was of Capone and his gangsters. Business was quite content with Mayor Thompson, whose live-and-let-live policies permitted commerce and industry to flourish hampered by only the most token taxes and restrictions.

But, as far he goes, Kobler is good, very good indeed. His *Capone* is probably the definitive biography. I commend it not only to the nostalgic, but also to those who want to understand why crime pays.

Alden Whitman, who wrote "The Obituary Book," is consultant to Columbia University's Office of Oral History Research.

MYSELF AMONG OTHERS

by Ruth Gordon

Atheneum, 389 pp., $10

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ I once met Ruth Gordon—at least, I think I did. It was right after an interview with her husband, Garson Kanin, about a year ago at their Central Park South apartment in New York City. Mr. Kanin was seeing me out. As we came abreast of the kitchen he called to her, "Ruth, come meet Mr. Frankel." The swing door moved a fraction to reveal darkness inside—what *does* Ruth Gordon do in a dark kitchen?—and a disembodied hand appeared. It gave mine one quick grab; a voice that sounded like the Gordon growl said, "Hi," and the hand withdrew.

I never had the chance to tell her how much I admired the scenarios she and her husband wrote for the team of Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, or how fondly I remembered her play *Years Ago* and her outrageously right performance in the title role of

---

Demitasse

by Frank Lima

Suddenly I am awake in the great zoo
and fighting for my life in the darkness
for love. I will save myself and electrocute
the cat. The soft pain is on the butcher's block.
Dinner is a terrible thing when you think of
no rain for broccoli and asparagus and the lovesick
animal we are having for dinner in wine sauce.
We will fight for the last morsel because we are
wonderful guests and prodigies of our stomachs
and that pink tropical foliage the salad you
tossed out the window. It is five o'clock in the
morning and time for demitasse and a swim in the pool
because we have crossed the Alps and hamburgers are great!

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Thornton Wilder's *The Matchmaker*. (I had no intention of mentioning her last two Broadway appearances, or her sudden emergence as a movie star—Academy Award and all—in a string of bizarre performances.) No matter. Ruth Gordon had been so outrageously rude that it wasn't insulting—merely funny.

Her book is another matter. She is so consistently rude to her reader one gets the impression that Miss Gordon was simply interested in having her hodgepodge memoirs published but not necessarily read. And by the time one has slogged through 389 pages of assorted one-liners, random thoughts, and anecdotes about the greats she has known or heard about, there is also the decided impression that Miss Gordon batted out a first draft and was lucky enough to find an editor and a publisher who would let her get away with it.

How can memoirs be rude? Take for example this paragraph:

> George didn't eat onions, he didn't eat cheese, so when you went to the Kaufmans', you didn't look for onions or cheese. Bea ran things to suit George. They were married, but both had a lot going. George was crazy about Myra, who liked him but only had eyes for Harpo, who liked her but that was all. And Evelyn had her friends worried she'd jump out the window because she was crazy about George.

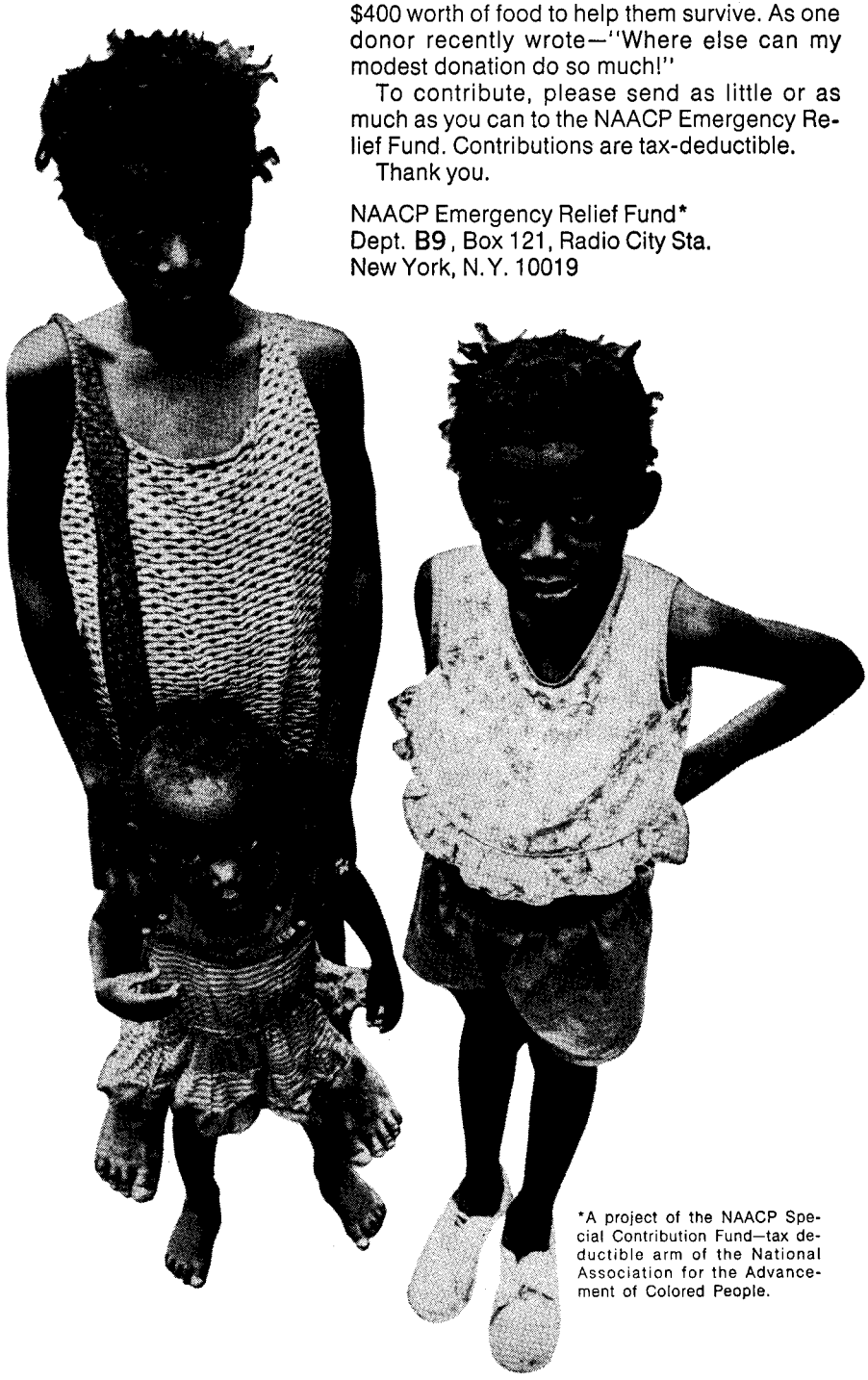
Miss Gordon has in previous paragraphs identified George S. Kaufman and his wife, Beatrice. And I think it safe to assume that everyone can figure out who Harpo is. But, to this minute, I have no idea who Myra and Evelyn are or were, and Ruth Gordon isn't going to tell. (If this is meant to protect reputations, then please drop the first names, too!) The implication is that we are to be grateful for the privilege of paying ten bucks to watch a great lady drop names—or even half-names—too important for the likes of us to know. That's rudeness and snobbishness. This one example is typical of many throughout the book.

"Bob Montgomery and Helen were doing a movie. Was it *Another Language*?" This, too, is typical. Miss Gordon asks a question whereas she should have researched the answer. Which again is rudeness to the reader. (In a chapter recalling Helen Keller, Miss Gordon states: "We spoke briefly of Woollcott and I held out to her a picture I kept of him in the jinricksha from the Chicago World's Fair." I think that goes way beyond rudeness to Miss Keller.)

"Do you wear your old sable coat and save the new?" "Did you ever no-

(*Continued on page* 51)

Won't you buy these hungry kids $400 worth of food for $10?



These kids are going through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry. Their diets are so inadequate that malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

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David Butwin

—Photos by Mark Chester, ASCAP

Harry Hamilton skippering the "Delta Queen" up the Ohio—"Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river."

Steamin' up the River—III: Old Pilots, New Hopes

APRIL 26—The glorious steamboat days Mark Twain described in the first third of *Life on the Mississippi* began to disappear around the bend more than a century ago. The advent of railroads and the destruction wrought by the Civil War hastened the decline. Today the only place you can get a glimmer of the past is by sitting up in the pilothouse of the *Delta Queen* and listening, watching.

Riverboat pilots in Twain's time were likely to wear "polished silk hats, elaborate shirt fronts, diamond breastpins, kid gloves, and patent-leather boots." Our chief, Harry Hamilton, guiding the *Queen* up the Ohio on a bright spring morning, is in sport shirt and slacks; he could just as well be driving to the supermarket. But the talk is about the river and life around it. Twain said, "Your true pilot cares nothing about anything on earth but the river, and his pride in his occupation surpasses the pride of kings." I think pilots haven't changed much.

Hamilton, who has had a license since 1925, says the Ohio is easy to navigate because the water level is so carefully regulated by a series of locks and dams. "The Mississippi," he says, "is always changing. You have to learn to read the water. I prefer it down there because it's always a challenge. There isn't a lock below St. Louis." He concedes that the Army Corps of Engineers has tamed the Mississippi somewhat with its myriad embankments and levees.

Harry Louden, who boarded the day before at Paducah, is due to relieve Hamilton in another hour on the two-pilot square shift (six hours on, six hours off), but already he is on the bench talking. Captain Fred Way, Jr., a pilot for almost fifty years, is sitting in, too. They discuss the flood of Thirty-seven, and then the talk turns to the declining quality of the Hotel Irvin Cobb in Paducah and where to get the best country ham and biscuits on the river.

Somehow I am disappointed to find Hamilton steering with a pair of levers and not the legendary wooden wheel, which has been replaced in recent years. Hamilton says he prefers the levers. "Oh, I wouldn't swap the old days for this either," adds Way. I don't believe him.

Far behind us is the flat, unbroken levee country of the Lower Mississippi; now there are gentle green bluffs on

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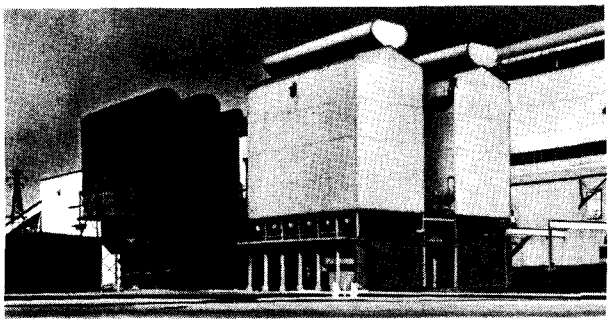

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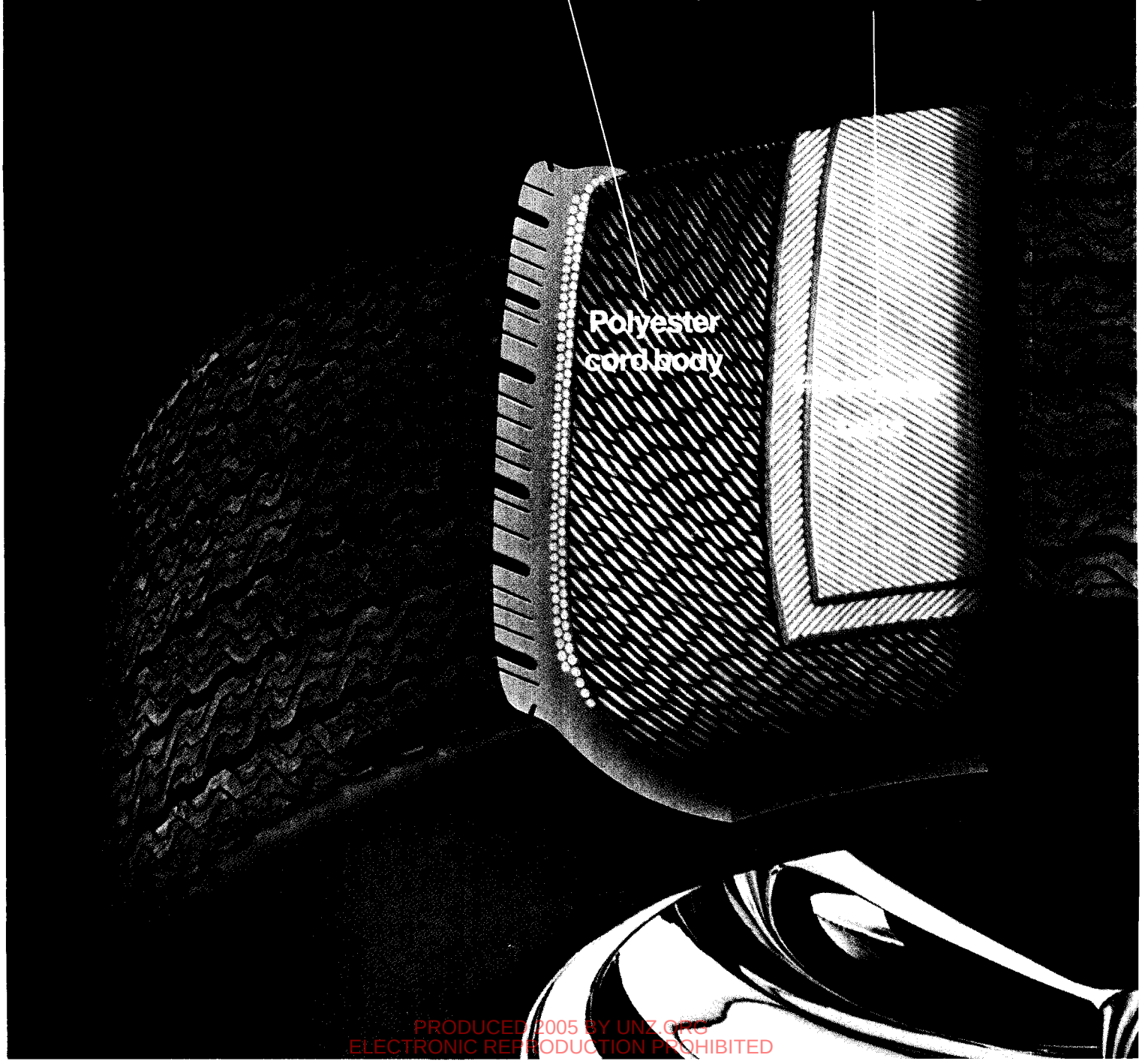

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The menu
that dates back
500 years
before Marco Polo.
There are certain scholars who claim the Orient taught Europe how to cook. Perhaps the answer makes little difference. After all, the name of a famous Japanese dish, tempura, is actually a bit of Latin passed on to us by a Portuguese sailor long ago.
Our only point here is that, on Japan Air Lines, you can savor the delights of both familiar cuisine and our own ancient Japanese recipes.
One suggestion. An old Japanese maxim recommends that each time you try a new dish, you will live 75 days longer. At that rate, you could fly Japan Air Lines around the world indefinitely. With a lifetime to spare.
sand-ye
JAPAN

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either side, occasional cabins and summer homes, kids playing on sandbars, a few pleasure boats spinning by. But the heavy barge traffic I expect does not appear.

Although tonnage has doubled on the rivers in the last decade and strings of barges often run to nearly a mile long, the *Queen* seems to have the Ohio to herself. Then a barge loaded with coal noses around the bend in front of a gleaming white tow boat (which pushes, doesn't pull), and presently Hamilton is on the phone calculating how to pass. He gets into a discussion with the tow's pilot, an old friend, about the habits of a third pilot whose late grandmother used to make a fine ravioli. Before the days of radio communication, a boat would pass on the left with two whistle blasts, on the right with one. Hamilton has radioed his intention but he pulls the cord anyway, as is the custom, and two deep bellows crash out across the water, echoing back from the banks. It is a lovely spine-tingling sound, and perhaps the closest you come to the long-ago mood.

At 2:10 of a Monday afternoon, we tie up at the steep concrete landing at Evansville, Indiana, while fire trucks spray their welcome from shore. Evansville, like other towns on the Ohio and Mississippi, turned away from the river when steamboat traffic began to dwindle, but now residents are slowly looking back. A row of handsome Victorian houses has been renovated along the riverfront, and once more people are boasting about their views of the Ohio.

There is talk that a park will be built near the landing. Now, in the 75-degree heat of midafternoon, four girls are stretched out in bathing suits on the concrete shore. Mrs. Sheila Lewis, one of our guides in a steamboat-era gown, talks of living on the Ohio with the same pride one would have in owning a piece of Cape Cod or Nob Hill. "I am from Florida," she says, "and I have come to love the river. When I was living in Illinois and I had my two girls, both times I drove to Cape Girardeau, Missouri, so they could be born in a river town. I couldn't bear the thought of their being born in—well, I won't mention the town." She believes the trends in Evansville probably parallel those in the nation. "We have an ice cream vendor who is selling dope on the side," she says.

Around the gangplank young long-haired girls from Evansville gradually approach the *Queen*'s deck hands, and liaisons are struck up that will be renewed on succeeding calls throughout the summer. These are steamboat groupies.

APRIL 27—This is the day of the annual race with the *Belle of Louisville*, a Kentucky Derby Week event that normally draws thousands of spectators to the banks of the Ohio. But because of a four-hour delay in locks two nights before, the *Queen* is not expected to reach Louisville before dark. And the Coast Guard won't permit a nighttime race. The weather has turned gray, as have the moods of those who longed to see the race. Some are cheered by the thought of catching the Derby Trial at Churchill Downs in the afternoon—possibly by going ashore far downstream from Louisville and speeding to the track by bus, while the *Queen*, now making a little more than 6 mph, strains to make up lost time.

There is little excitement at the trial, only a trace of Derby Day glam-

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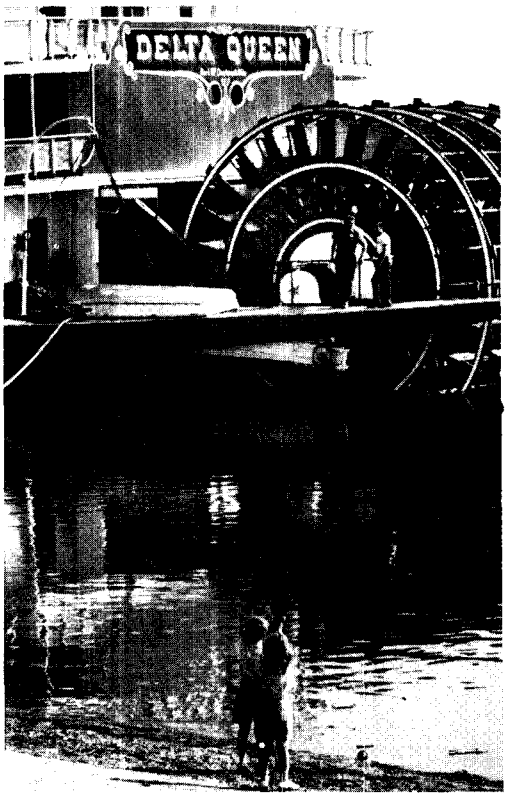
our; I see just one exotic hot-pants outfit. The horses look good up close. Later, as the sky darkens over the Ohio and lightning cracks the dusk, the *Belle of Louisville* runs and wins the race uncontested. People have been warned of the *Queen*'s absence, but they show up anyway with blankets and picnic suppers. The *Belle*, much smaller than the *Queen* but an impressive sight with its strings of deck lights and thrashing stern wheel, is one of three steamboats still cruising Midwest rivers on daytime excursions. The others are the *President* from New Orleans and the *Admiral* out of St. Louis. When the *Queen* finally ties up, it is too late for anything more than a long whistle. We pull out at midnight, finally passing the still and now almost darkened *Belle of Louisville*. So much for racing, except to quote the master on how it used to be:

> . . . the two great steamers back into the stream, and lie there jockeying a moment, and apparently watching each other's slightest movement, like sentient creatures; flags drooping, the pent steam shrieking through safety valves, the black smoke rolling and tumbling from the chimneys and darkening all the air. People, people everywhere; the shores, the house tops, the steamboats, the ships, are packed with them. . . .
>
> Presently tall columns of steam burst from the 'scape pipes of both steamers, two guns boom a good-by, two red-shirted heroes mounted on capstans wave their small flags above the massed crews on the forecastles, two plaintive solos linger on the air a few waiting seconds, two mighty choruses burst forth—and here they come! Brass bands bray "Hail, Columbia," and huzza after huzza thunders from the shores, and the stately creatures go whistling by like the wind.

APRIL 28—Madison, Indiana, looks exactly as a river town should. Its impressive nineteenth-century houses, maintained and constantly improved by a local group called Historic Madison, lie at the foot of a high green bluff matched by a similar mound across the river on the Kentucky side. Preservation has become the byword of Madison—perhaps, to some, at the cost of progress. Two local high school seniors—a black girl named Marlene Cosby and a long-haired yearbook photographer and tennis player, Rich Lodge—accompany me on a leisurely tour through this town of wide streets, ample shade trees, and century-old mansions. I am awed by the town's beauty, but Rich and Marlene have been raised with the oft-praised virtues, and they frankly can't wait to go away to college and catch up with the present.

"Madison is nice," says Marlene, "if



"A rush of emotions—nostalgia, joy, pathos."

you want to take things slow, but to most of the kids life is *too* slow. Our Youth Council—thirteen kids from three area schools—ran a coffee house in an old carriage house on Friday and Saturday nights, and we set up a craft shop to make belts and stuff. It kept everyone interested for a while, but now they're restless again."

I spot a passing pickup truck with a gunrack in back. "It's a big fad, a status symbol," says Rich. "We have rednecks around, but the gunrack doesn't necessarily mean redneck. Most of the time the racks are empty."

On the final night aboard, we are treated to Dixieland and hillbilly music, and Captain Ernest Wagner—master of the *Delta Queen*—comes out and plays the bones, the flat clappers traditionally played by the end man in a minstrel show. Then one of the black cooks is called from the galley to sing, as is his custom on last nights out. While he does "Ol' Man River," you feel a rush of emotions—nostalgia, joy, pathos.

APRIL 29—Cincinnati is waiting to welcome home the *Delta Queen* with marching bands, musketeers, antique cars, Senator Taft, close to 1,000 other well-wishers, and dozens of small boats. Coming off the gangway, I have to squeeze between flocks of people who are pressing forward in hopes of going aboard for a tour. There is expectancy in their eyes. You would think they were surging to get near a spacecraft just back from the moon. It seems we have come that far.

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Book Forum

Continued from page 25

$2,627, substantially below Ontario's but ahead of Newfoundland's $1,613, Prince Edward Island's $1,818, Nova Scotia's $2,307, New Brunswick's $2,083, Saskatchewan's $2,516. (The 1970 figures will not be available for several weeks.)

Mr. English [BOOK FORUM, June 5], Senator Martin would be surprised and unhappy to learn he is not a French-Canadian. You are right, Mr. Baldwin [BOOK FORUM, June 5]; the president of Air Canada *is* an English-Canadian, but he is second in command to the chairman of the board of directors and chief executive officer, Yves Pratte, who most certainly is running the air line and is a French-Canadian.

Mr. Walker [BOOK FORUM, June 5], since when does a French-Canadian lose his identity because he lives outside Quebec? And before Prime Minister Trudeau there were two other French-Canadian Prime Ministers, also from Quebec—Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Louis St. Laurent.

Mr. Granatstein [BOOK FORUM, May 29], the review said: "A rule of thumb of Canadian political parties is that it is *next to impossible* to take national office without substantial support from French Quebec." The only case in 104 years in which a party gained office without Quebec support was in 1917, when the Liberal and Conservative parties formed a Union Government to effect conscription. In 1957 John Diefenbaker formed a minority government with 112 seats (nine from Quebec) to 105 for the Liberals. Without those nine the Liberals would have formed the government. In a new election within a year, Diefenbaker won fifty seats in Quebec against twenty-five for the Liberals. Is it possible to believe in your theory that a minority ought to have the right of veto over the majority, and still have a functioning democracy? During World War II *The Globe and Mail*, the largest morning newspaper and generally conceded one of the best in the Dominion, favored changing the conscription laws which drafted men for duty at home, to overseas duty as well. As an editorial writer on the newspaper, I fully supported its position. And looking back I still think the paper was right. To say, as you do, that I was "one of the Canadians whose lack of understanding for their compatriots has brought us to the pass we are in today" is so simplistic as to be childish.

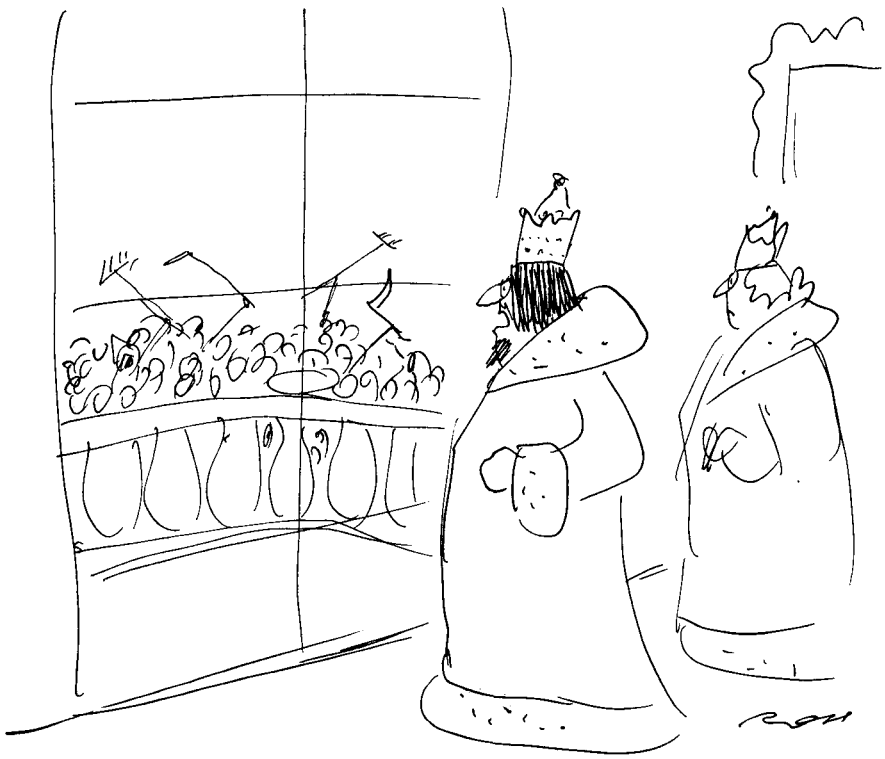
But the letter writers missed the whole point of the review: that to compare the lot of French Canada with that of the blacks of the USA is outrageous. Blacks in this country were slaves, real slaves, not rhetorical ones. They suffered a denial of all rights for centuries, so gross that it is an obscenity to compare this with the burdens of the French in Canada. Nor is terror—bombings, kidnaping, and murder—the answer in a democratic society.

L. L. L. GOLDEN,
New York, N.Y.

Ingredient of Constructive Change

I WAS STARTLED at Fred J. Cook's flat-footed statement in his review of Thomas Powers's *Diana* [*SR*, May 1] that "in America, violence has always been self-defeating." Almost the opposite is true and, as I pointed out in my recently published *The Prospects for Revolution*, violence has frequently been an essential ingredient of constructive change in this country.

RALPH W. CONANT,
Houston, Tex.



"If only there were a way I could force them to love me."

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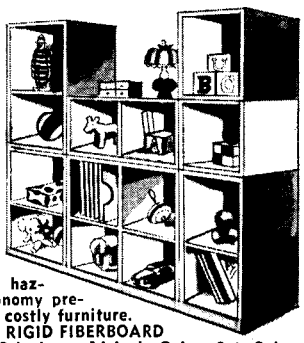

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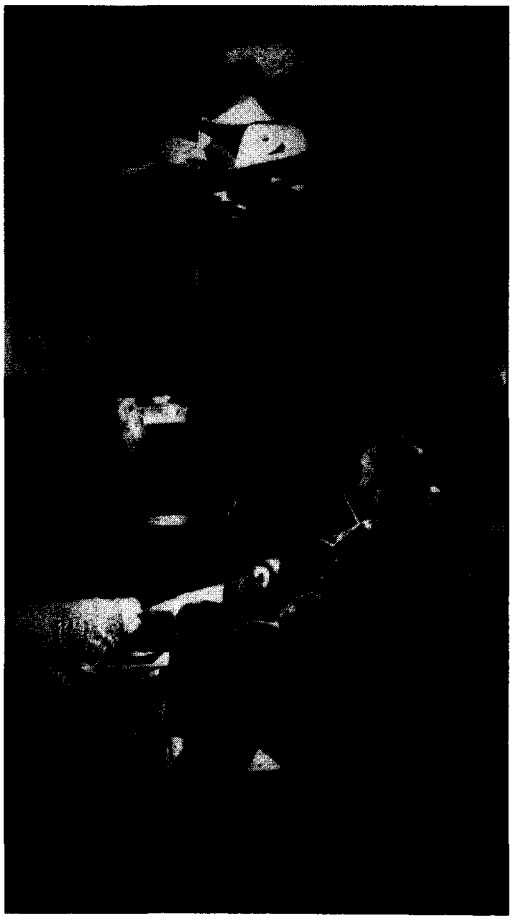
Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

The Artful Camera of Ugo Mulas

EARLY IN HIS CAREER, the Milanese photographer Ugo Mulas discovered that his camera functioned best where he felt most at home—in artists' studios and designers' workshops. And it was in this milieu that his international reputation and many of his lasting professional friendships were made.

Notable among these is an association that has resulted in the most recent volume in the Viking Studio Book series: *Calder*, a photo-biography designed and compiled by Mulas from his extensive coverage of the sculptor's works, exhibitions, home and studio life both here and abroad.



At home in Roxbury, Connecticut—Calder's comment: "A picture of me thinking."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UGO MULAS

In brief, the book *is* its photographs. H. Harvard Arnason, an art historian and museum administrator of impressive scholarly achievements, has provided an introductory essay that he admits "leans heavily" on Calder's informal autobiography and on James Johnson Sweeney's pioneer catalogue for the Museum of Modern Art. This network of quotations skillfully woven together with a thin thread of narrative leaves the task of interpretation almost entirely in the photographer's hands—where he doubtless wished it to be.

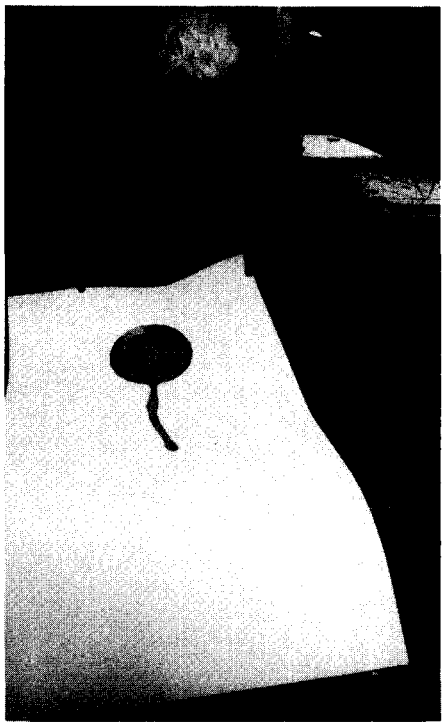
Much of what is quoted and pictured will be understandably familiar, but in many instances the Mulas lens surpasses previous attempts at capturing on film the moving spirit of the man who set sculpture in motion. The camerawork is at its most incisive when it is focusing on the significant side-glance, the spontaneous gesture, the small detail that puts the larger subject into fresh perspective.

Actually, it was just this approach that first drew our attention to Mulas's photography several years ago. In reviewing an exhibition of Italian design and graphic art (see *SR*, July 13, 1968), we reported: "How each designer lives, where and how he works, what he enjoys doing—these are the quick brush strokes of biography his [Mulas's] pictures have provided. . . . They not only link specific faces and facets of studio life to the wide array of products on view, but offer a lively visual frame of reference to aid the viewer's comprehension of each design concept and the working methods that have given it concrete form."

Exposed to a similar camera approach, Alexander Calder comes through as an earthy, whimsical, restlessly inventive individual who is able to metabolize the confusions and clutter of everyday life into creative energy and free-flowing inspiration. Some of the especially evocative scenes are those in Roxbury, Connecticut: the fireplace andirons that echo his jewelry designs; the montage of family photographs "tacked up on the walls in the downstairs toilet and elsewhere"; his little granddaughter Andrea playing with a Calderesque toy contrived from a wire loop strung with empty Ballantine beer cans. And in Saché, there is the kitchen with its well-used French cooking utensils suspended in the manner of a mobile; the views of the artist painting gouaches in the old barn across from the house, appraising a pair of his wire sculptures, setting up a mobile with the same concentration as a small boy sending a kite skyward in the wind, checking monumental stabiles in various stages of construction in the foundry at Tours.

The folios that survey Calder's output from 1926 to 1969 highlight examples of his circus figures and other wire sculptures, abstract constructions, mobiles (including the early motorized ones), stabiles, gouaches, drawings, a tapestry designed for his wife, and finally scenes from a performance of his mobile ballet *Work in Progress* at the Opera House in Rome. In some of these plates, graininess has been exaggerated by overzealous enlarging; in others, reproduction technique is responsible for loss of definition and detail. But even these shortcomings do not seriously diminish the effectiveness of the pictures as a visual Baedeker, preparing the reader for a fuller appreciation of the actual works at some future face-to-face encounter.

Mulas's faithful documentation of Venice Biennali, Spoleto festivals, and the New York art scene has earned him acclaim as "a poet with a passion for art." In narrower focus, his new book leaves little doubt that he is a photographer with a passion for Calder as an artist and a human being.



Early stage of a gouache.

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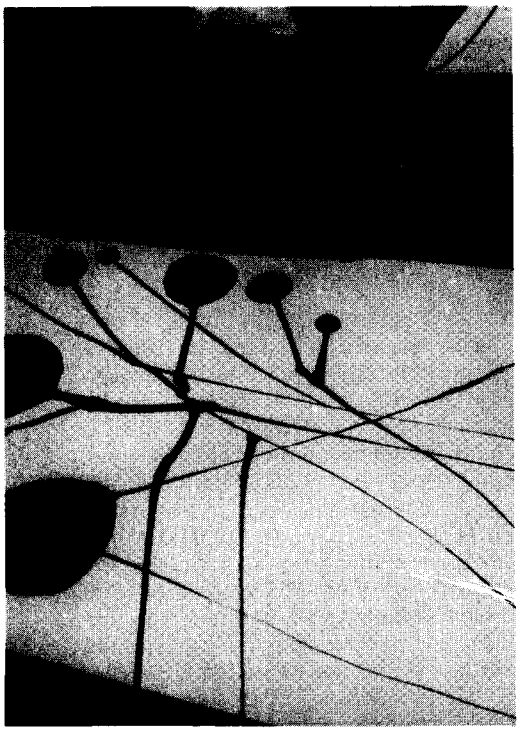
"Hello, Girls!" a mobile made for Los Angeles County Museum, 1964—Calder: "Elements I added to increase the height gave the effect of a gay salute, hence the title."



A recent gouache in the making at Saché.

At work on "Têtes et Queue" (Heads and Tail) in the foundry at Tours, 1965.

The studio at Roxbury—Calder: "I have to admit that it got a little cluttered."

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As Others See Us

MOSCOW:

The Nixon Doctrine

U.S. DEFENSE SECRETARY Melvin Laird dispelled illusions some people in the U.S. still had held about the Pentagon's military plans being wound up in Southeast Asia. The world already has had many opportunities to see what the Nixon Doctrine means in action. In Vietnam, Cambodia, and Laos it means an "Asians kill Asians" policy, an escalation of wanton U.S. bombings of these countries, and the death of more thousands who have become the target of the barbarous policy.

Although Mr. Laird maintains that application of the Nixon Doctrine in Europe and the Middle East is different from the "Indochinese variant," in practice it remains imperialist aggression in whatever modifications it may take on in various parts of the world.

—Boris Orekhov, Pravda.

LONDON:

SALT Potential

THE POTENTIAL meaning of the Soviet-American talks on limiting strategic nuclear weapons (SALT) is so vast that it is hard to grasp. First of all, there is the simple fact—unimaginable even five years ago—that the two greatest powers in the world have been able to put out the statement of an intention to agree in this field. It involves nothing less than the life or death of this planet. Secondly, they have arranged their order of work, which may sound a simple thing but which is an outstanding achievement in itself. . . .

Only when President Nixon let it be known that the United States would no longer strive to have superiority over Russia in offensive missiles but would accept parity—only then did the possibility of an agreement on offensive weapons appear, still dimly, on the horizon.

—The Times.

MANCHESTER:

The Punchball

AMERICA IS TIRED of being the punchball of the Western world. Both doves and hawks have the scars of Vietnam deeply on their souls. Some feel justified, others humiliated by Washington's conversion to withdrawal, but all are hurt in their national pride. If the role of policeman is so unrewarding in Asia, it is asked, why should it be right in Europe? Why should America be criticized for letting its currency grow weak through spending on overseas troops and aid? And above all, why should countries that are most critical of the Vietnam War and the weak dollar expect to take shelter behind a subsidized American policeman?

—The Guardian Weekly.

FRANKFURT:

Yanks to Stay in Europe

VIEWED FROM AMERICA, all Europe, including the southern flank in the Mediterranean, is a single strategic unit. As long as a major clash in the Middle East is not out of the question there can be no troop cuts in Central Europe, the Americans always using the term to mean a mutual, balanced reduction in troop strength.

So American troops are here to stay. Good. In return, Europe ought to be prepared to improve the quality of its own forces. There is more to this than meets the eye too.

Without the presence of America's divisions in Europe, and always assuming that European armies continue to be on the feeble side, the flexible response strategy would have to be abandoned.

This would mean the immediate resort to nuclear weapons as the sole credible backing for U.S. military presence.

Since America does not intend to revert to past nuclear policies, it is recommending its allies to increase expenditure on their own security.

—Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.

AMSTERDAM:

Uncle Sugar

FROM 1944 onward, our monetary system has leaned on the U.S. dollar and U.S. economy. The Dutch guilder received a fixed value in dollars. As long as this economy remained healthy—that is, as long as U.S. enterprises continued making considerable profit and deficit on the American balance of payments stayed within reasonable limits—the agreements of Bretton Woods fulfilled their aim excellently. The Americans laid down the law. But, since the beginning of the Sixties, the American economy has shown stagnation. Moreover, the U.S. went into an extremely expensive war of annihilation against the Vietnamese people, which enlarged the deficit of the American balance of payments. The economic growth of Japan and all the Western countries, except England, was stronger than American growth. Unemployment reaches a far higher figure in the United States than in the West European countries, where there is also less inflation.

For American capitalists, it became more and more attractive to invest their "not-so-hard-anymore" dollars in Europe, mainly in flourishing West Germany. The expected upward revaluation would guarantee sweet profits.

—Gerrit Vlieger, De Groene Amsterdammer.

WARSAW:

Top of the Iceberg

AFTER TWENTY YEARS of animosity, American-Chinese rapprochement is not an easy matter. However, observers are under the impression that the two sides seek to find a new formula. Against this background, the light is thrown on Nixon's decision on a partial reduction of U.S. military garrisons along China's peripheries, in Japan, South Korea, Okinawa, the Philippines, and Thailand. In the circumstances, "Ping-Pong Diplomacy" was only the top of an iceberg.

—Trybuna Ludu.

SOFIA:

Something Constructive

SENATOR MANSFIELD has made a proposal [recently defeated] to the U.S. Senate that the number of U.S. troops in Western Europe be reduced by one-half—from 300,000 to 150,000. This is constructive. Proposals of this kind, which could be an important step toward the creation of a more favorable political climate on the European continent, are obviously dictated by the general call of the U.S. public for a reduction of enormous military expenditures and the orientation of U.S. foreign policy toward a more realistic course.

Official Washington greeted the proposal, so to speak, with a "bayonet charge." In a joint chorus, the White House politicians and the Pentagon generals shouted "No!" Such a stand surprises no one because this is not the first time the U.S. ruling circles have opposed similar initiatives. Actually, this is the nature of U.S. imperialist policy.

—Rabotnichesko Delo.

PEKING:

Antiwar Demonstrations

THE AMERICAN people's movement

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against the war of aggression in Indochina is rising wave upon wave. The Nixon government's fascist outrages only serve to arouse the American people's awakening and to strengthen their determination to struggle. In the face of brutal suppression by the reactionary troops and police, the demonstrators persisted in struggle and shouted: "All power to the people! If the government won't stop the war, the people will stop the government!" No matter what tricks the U.S. ruling class tries—political deceit or brutal suppression—nothing can stop the advance of the American people's revolutionary struggle.

—Peking Review.

SYDNEY:

China's Myth

ONE OF the very real obstacles to a rational view of China and what it seeks in the world is the myth that it secretly wants a world war in which its enemies will be destroyed. China, alone, would emerge triumphant. The myth enjoys great popularity in Australia, from which it follows that Taiwan is only a small issue in Peking's large designs and that Americans must stay to deter China's wild plans.

—The Australian.

TAIPEI:

Pretty Talk

CHOU EN-LAI'S bid for talks with the United States about Taiwan represents nothing new. Chinese Communists have always made clear that better relations with the United States depend on the latter's willingness to abandon the Republic of China.

It is no secret that Taiwan was the subject the Chinese Communists wanted to discuss at Warsaw. If the Warsaw talks should be reopened, the Peking regime would merely renew demands that the United States hand over Taiwan or "get out and get out of the way."

When Chou talks of negotiations, he is not suggesting any give-and-take leading to compromise. The Chinese Communist position is not subject to modification on the usurpation of Taiwan and the destruction of the Republic of China. Americans may also take note of Chou's prediction that the United States will be defeated in the Middle East and Indochina.

A State Department observation that Chou's views will be given "close examination" is diplomatic pretty talk. There is nothing to be examined. Chou has not contributed to international dialogue. He has reiterated terms that are as impossible for the U.S. to accept as they were ten or twenty years ago.

—China News, as reprinted in Free China Weekly.

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Mixed Marriages in the U.S.S.R.

AKHMED KHIZIROV married Vera and they settled in Grozny. But Akhmed's eighty-year-old father and his mother demanded that he abandon his wife because she was not of their faith. Akhmed finally gave in to their pressure, and Vera ended up on the street with her four-month-old daughter and without any money or a job. The first secretary of the city YCL committee and others helped her to find a job and housing and to place her child in a nursery.

Today there are many happy mixed marriages in the Chechen-Ingush Autonomous Republic, but it is also true that dissolution of a mixed marriage because of national and religious intolerance and stubborn prejudices is not a rare occurrence.

—M. Albogachiyev, Komsomolskaya Pravda, Moscow.

Up Go the Taxes

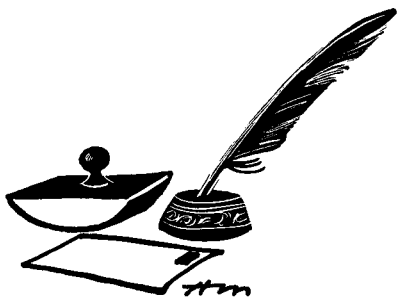
I PAID the city a tax of 7,722 pesetas ($110.30) on my guest house in 1962, '63, and '64. The rate doubled for the next three years, and for the last two years I have been paying 22,970 pesetas ($328.10). Luckily, my house faces on only one street rather than two or I would pay even more this year. . . .

How come every year there are more tourists, yet the tax on tourist houses keeps increasing? I always had thought the greater the production, the less the cost of the individual unit; or the more tourist establishments, the less each would be taxed.

—José Olle, La Vanguardia Española, Barcelona.

Brando vs. Gielgud

I CANNOT let Alan Brien's paean of praise for Marlon Brando go unchallenged. It is impossible for me to reconcile the mumbling Marlon of the incoherent method school of acting that I have seen on the screen with Mr. Brien's picture of a "big bow mouth releasing words with slow, measured, almost ventriloquial care." If Brando was the exceptional actor Mr. Brien describes, he would not imagine "all Englishmen talk like Noël Coward with sinus trouble."



To excuse Brando's abysmal portrayal of Mark Antony by asking how convincing Gielgud would be as a randy Polish American truck driver is indefensible. The point is, Gielgud would not inflict that portrayal upon an unsuspecting public. Gielgud's range isn't bad anyway, when you consider he has acted everything from a romantic lover to a Jewish moneylender.

—G. L. Berry, The Sunday Times, London.

Extramarital Sex

NOBODY, I hope, wants a regression to national prudery, or to an embargo on the frank discussion of sex. Sexuality, since it is a part of life, must also be part of literature—so long as it does not become obsessive, and the "freedom of the artist" is not a hypocritical cloak for money-spinning. There is nothing in the Christian ethic that forbids the enjoyment of sex as such. . . .

To break up a marriage by adultery is to invade the personal relationship of other people at its most vulnerable point. It is not, perhaps, without significance that descriptions of adultery in literature or the news media give little attention to the protracted agony of the neglected spouse and children.

—The Rev. Rupert E. Davies, The Manchester Guardian Weekly.

The Secret of Longevity

MOHAMED AJUD is the world's oldest man, who just celebrated his 180th birthday. He lives in North Iran in the small village of Sabvazar, and, when he was asked to reveal the secret of his longevity, he said: "I did not work much, I drank a lot, and smoked a lot." Orlando Walking, who is much younger (he is only 102), lives in California and said, when asked his secret, "I always worked hard, never smoked, and never drank alcoholic beverages."

—N. N., Képes Világ, Budapest.

Voluntary Sterilization

MOST DUTCH GENERAL practitioners disapprove of voluntary sterilization as a means of birth control. Their resistance probably stems from a fear of possible adverse psychological consequences.

How many doctors worry about a woman's psyche and about her monthly problem, her hope that she isn't pregnant? This seems to be a considerable danger to the nation's psyche.

—H. L. Barg, Handelsblad, Amsterdam.

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Give Us This Day Our Daily Surrealism

ROBERT FROST was fond of saying: "We have homogenized society—that keeps the cream from rising to the top." The idea of an intellectual elite is, of course, authoritarian and therefore, as one must conclude, anti-democratic. In patriotic faith I am prepared to shudder along with Columbia at the thought of such an authoritarian elite. Ruefully, however, I see the place of the deposed authoritarian elite (the snob) taken over by the authoritarian ignoramus (the slob), and at that point my shudders begin to have shudders.

"Calamity," said Edmund Burke, "is a mighty leveler." We are, I believe, living in calamitous times, not only physically but in men's minds, and we have been leveled to the point at which opinions and assertions once universally recognizable as ignorance have become endorsed social positions.

There was a time when even the ignorant man was aware of his ignorance. An illiterate must at least know that he cannot read and that the world of books is closed to him. It was relatively easy for him to understand that someone else might know things he did not know.

But no more. Not since the American School System has dedicated itself to universal sub-literacy. It has encouraged the assumption that a clod trained to lip-read a sports page is able to read anything. It has become the whole point of the School System to keep the ignorant from realizing their own ignorance. After having gone through the public school system without having learned anything, the young psyche receives a diploma with which to cover its ignorance. Four cogs down the educational production line, with nothing much having been added to it, the same psyche is handed a bachelor's degree as a further concealment. When that psyche's ignorance becomes certified to the point of a Ph.D., it is appointed to the faculty and charged to keep faith with the same conspiracy to keep ignorance from self-realization.

With the Free Press as our sacred nexus, ignorance given sufficient coverage becomes a national level of discourse. It achieves the ultimate holiness. It becomes a Norm. And who does not know what social disasters lie in wait for those who do not honor their Norms?

No one, of course, need take me seriously. I hope I have some Norms, but I don't seem to have the sacred ones. I am so deviant that I used to wince at President Eisenhower's grammar even when everyone else was getting spine tingles. I am so slant-in-the-ear that when Vice President Agnew speaks, I actually seem to hear an idiot. By the sanctity of every holy Norm, I know I have to be wrong. Yet he speaks, and my slant ear hears and even persuades me at times that it is hearing correctly and that no one else is. That is, I recognize, a dangerous state, but I do recognize it, and therein lies some sort of hope: I have only to change my opinions and to learn to hear as everyone else does. My trouble is that my ear is more persuasive than those Norms, and so I have that, too, to worry about.

In my worry I keep tearing up newspapers for clues to how the Norm-keepers are thinking. Periodically, I go through my pile of clippings and worry harder. I begin to feel lost on a page form from a Kafka manuscript.

One clipping before me is from a paper I shall not identify in order to keep the Norm-speaker as anonymous as his soul deserves to be. He is a school administrator, and is it possible he has identified what went wrong with my education? The administrator is discussing the glories offered to today's middle-schoolers (sixth through eighth grades):

> We have started the emphasis of skills and concepts, teaching them how to think, not just to memorize facts. Then they can handle most situations.

I was a middle-schooler once (we used to group it from seventh through ninth grade and call it junior high school in the late eighteenth century). My teachers never spoke up against skills and concepts, and they didn't tell us they were teaching us to think. They spent a dreary amount of time insisting that we say such things as "we have started to emphasize" instead of "we have started the emphasis of," and they would have made us put the emphasis "on." They were hardheaded about such things. And they made us memorize not only facts but poems.

In another not-to-be-identified clipping a clergyman tells me about Normalized religion:

> Any religion which doesn't go out into the marketplace and speak of marketplace problems has no right to call itself a religion. It's a sham, an imposter, a museum piece that needs dusting off.

I read that and I know I should be admiring this young shepherd's fervor, and here I am worrying because he misuses "which" for "that," and "imposter" for "imposture," and because he seems to think museum pieces that are dusted off stop being museum pieces, which he seems to think are anti-religious objects. I even suspect I disagree with him about religion, whatever that is. I am sure that, at the start at least, it wasn't meant to sound that jingoistic. But he, of course, is a professional, and I suspect I am off that sacred Norm again.

I think I am most worried and most depressed by another clipping, a photo of Dr. Warner Baum, president of Rhode Island University. It is early morning. Dr. Baum has been summoned by an emergency phone call, has pulled a topcoat over his (shortie) pajamas, and is standing barelegged in a daybreak confrontation with thirty students who have locked themselves in the administration building in order to make some demands, probably unnegotiable ones.

Dr. Baum looks like an intelligent man. I can see that he has good legs. He seems to be talking through a crack in the door. I can believe he is worried about running an orderly university, and I suppose he is worried about getting into his office for that day's work. I see him as a barelegged figure of reason talking through a crack in the door to thirty demanders. Except for the bare legs we are used to that image by now. Yet I worry about it. It seems a caricature of the university, once conceived as an open forum for ideas and as the mother of intellectual disciplines. There it stands at the crack in the door trying to speak reason to thirty demanders, and what reason can be so spoken?

These students happen to be black, but that is not the point. They are demanders. I worry about how we came to lose the idea of respectful petition and came—in Educationese—to "the start of the emphasis of" demands. I worry because I don't see how anything like an education is possible between demands and unnegotiable demands. And I worry because I have trouble finding anyone who worries along with me. Clearly I missed out on the right skills and concepts. I just can't handle most situations. Sometimes I can't seem to handle any at all. I just can't seem to get on anybody else's Norm. And Kafka's ghost keeps coming back to rip me out of his manuscript, and the manuscript, alas, turns out to be one of his least successful pieces.

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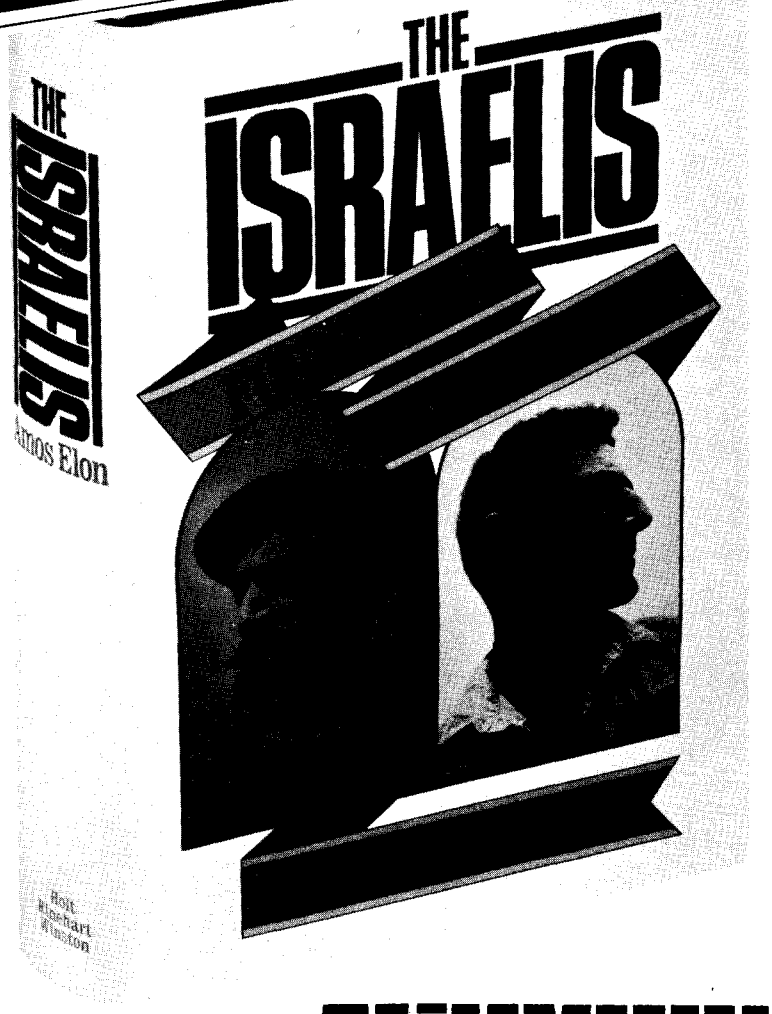

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Saturday Review

NINETEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

Two Grand Prizes

Color winner:

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Black-and-white winner:

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PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 1, 1972, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following panel of judges.

Marie Cosindas—Well-known color photographer and lecturer.

Norman Cousins—Editor, *Saturday Review*.

Ken Heyman—Distinguished photographer, author and world traveler.

Yousuf Karsh—Internationally renowned photographer, author, educator, lecturer.

Inge Morath—Noted Magnum photographer, author.

Margaret R. Weiss—Photography Editor, *Saturday Review*.

The important thing is to read the complete rules and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1971.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and The McCall Publishing Co., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1970, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8x10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing may be done by a photofinisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8x10 and unmounted.
   d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.
   e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 16 cents, in stamps or coin. **Do not send self-addressed envelopes.**

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than one black-and-white **or** one color picture to this magazine's World Travel Photo Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 15, 1971, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: No more than one picture may be submitted by any one entrant.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of Saturday Review, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 1, 1972. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

DEADLINE SEPTEMBER 15, 1971 *Saturday Review* **380 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017**

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"Myself Among Others"

Continued from page 35

tice everybody isn't rich?" "Are *you* happy?" "How's your personality?" And on and on. Almost every question is loosely tied to an anecdote, many of them pointless enough to warrant deletion, as are the coy injunctions to "draw the veil" and asides to *Players' Guide* to copy or omit an item the author considers very significant. Ditto the continual "Good night [so and so], wherever you are," when she finishes with someone. The questions, the asides, and the other grace notes Miss Gordon has added to turn her recollections into those of a seventy-four-year-old teeny-bopper are so arch as to make one's teeth ache.

The book does have a beautiful anecdote about Eleanora Duse, a funny one about Tallulah Bankhead tossing her purse to a beggar, a lovely chapter that captures the magic and sadness of Pauline Lord, another that brings the tortured and torturing Jeanne Eagels back. If only Ruth Gordon had approached the rest of her memoirs with the same sincerity and simplicity.

As for the rest of *Myself Among Others*, draw the veil. (*Player's Guide*, copy.) And good night, Ruth Gordon, wherever you are.

Haskel Frankel has covered the New York theater for several years for the National Observer.

INVISIBLE SWORDS

by James T. Farrell

Doubleday, 430 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Phillips

■ "That kind of writing had its place and served its function in its time, but the times have changed. . . . Younger people feel that realism, naturalism, is shallow—it isn't for them. They've gone beyond it," announces a minor character in *Invisible Swords*, James T. Farrell's twenty-second novel and forty-third book. The remark prompts Bill Martin, the protagonist and Farrell's spokesman, to comment, "He couldn't believe or accept the notion that books could go out of date fast, and that literary tendencies of the moment warranted the dismissal of older writers like Dreiser."

Precisely. A novel is timeless if the characters are portrayed as genuinely human, whether it contains elements of Dreiser's naturalism or of Robbe-Grillet's New Novel. Cervantes's Don Quixote and Defoe's Moll Flanders, to name but two, are as real today as when put on paper. This is the point so many miss about Farrell: he is primarily a novelist of character. His are not shadowy figures manipulated by a mechanistic world, but people who continue to live after the book is closed. Who can forget, once having met them, Grandmother O'Flaherty, Uncle Al and Aunt Margaret, Lucy Scanlan and Catherine, or Father Gilhooley? From the first, Farrell outdistanced the other naturalists of the Thirties by his ability to create original characters, in addition to those that were autobiographical. His novels did not propagandize, and his penchant for mysticism and metaphysical speculation was rare in proletarian novels.

Yet the literary reference books nail Farrell to a cross of naturalism. That is his "official" category, and nobody thinks twice about it. Some time ago a reviewer demonstrated the critics' and the general public's inability even to read Farrell accurately, let alone understand his lifework, when he complained that "Farrell [was once again] writing about Chicago." That particular book was in no way physically or spiritually set in the Windy City.

It is true that Farrell subscribes to Dreiser's statement that "Man is more led or pushed than he is leading or pushing." With its hero a victim of heredity and environment despite talent and good intentions, *Studs Lonigan* (1935) is a classic novel of the naturalistic genre. But it has become Farrell's albatross because it is the one novel everyone knows. They fail to realize that after Studs Lonigan died, Farrell's naturalism became much more protean than Dreiser's. Whereas the Studs trilogy was basically about one man and his downfall, the novel cycle that followed, the O'Neill/O'Flaherty pentalogy, was a panoramic presentation of characters—especially the first two, *A World I Never Made* (1936) and *No Star Is Lost* (1938). Further, although both Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill came from the same South Side Chicago Irish-American background, Danny escapes and makes something of himself in a most unnaturalistic, nondeterministic way. The same is true of the Bernard Clare/Carr trilogy of the 1940s. Basically an extension of Danny O'Neill, Carr also realizes his ambition and becomes a writer in New York.

Farrell has written novels about an intimate family group which include the minor but highly successful *This Man and This Woman* (1951) and now *Invisible Swords*. He has shifted setting just as frequently; stories in Farrell's last collection, *Childhood Is Not Forever* (1969), are set in Djakarta, Sydney, Tordesillas, and Paris. Yet people accuse him of homogeneity of locale! (Why is it no one complained of Faulkner's seeming always to write of the South?)

Critics fault him, too, for writing only about the Thirties. They should read "Native's Return" from *Childhood*. The story captures the temper of the 1950s in a symbolic act of a middle-aged writer throwing handfuls of Stevenson buttons into a crowd of people, who do not pick them up. Farrell used Stevenson's defeat to parallel that of the intellectual and the artist in America.

In an age of wild men, when any fictional explosion is praised as being

"now," Farrell's linear progression is also denigrated. He is thought to exhibit what Alfred Kazin once called "the Naturalist's familiar contempt for style." Yet Farrell's "anti-style" is quite functional, and an integral part of his vision. If the novels seem directionless, it is because Farrell sees life that way. His liberal use of detail and his persistent revelation of character (and even setting) through dialogue are not unlike the film technique of John Cassavetes or Andy Warhol or Paul Morrissey, whose movies are thought of as modern indeed. That Farrell has experimented beyond the linear is abundantly evident in the stream-of-consciousness passages of *Gas-House McGinty* (1933) and the deleted dream sequences from *Studs Lonigan*, some of which have been published in *Tri-Quarterly* magazine. It is also apparent that he is cognizant of the new fiction in the schematic symbology of *A Brand New Life* (1968). Yet Farrell's work is still thought to be antiquated. Even his publishers seem determined to perpetuate the myth: the jacket for *Invisible Swords* uses old-fashioned typography and a 1930s-style illustration.

Invisible Swords is a contemporary novel and Farrell's most ambitious book in years. What is new is that he is dealing with a different class of people, and the naturalistic forces at work are largely biological. Bill and Ethel Martin are a two-residence, upper-middle-class couple for whom the American dream could become a reality. The novel demonstrates how abruptly conditions can change. Ethel Martin wheels her infant son to the park and when a woman asks to see the baby, "Little Billy moved his head, cocked it to the right, jutted out his chin. The expression on his face changed. Sud-

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denly Ethel felt that her body was filled with ice. She broke off what she had been saying. She was speechless. Her mind became numb. The beauty of the small white face had disappeared. The blue eyes were covered with a glaze. A grin appeared on his face."

This epiphany in the park marks the first realization by the Martins that their son—always a slow eater, a slow learner, born with clubfeet—is mentally retarded. The effect upon the family is conveyed in a Christmas Day scene, when the older boy's toy train is derailed. Once Billy's illness is diagnosed, the life of the entire family goes off the track.

As biological forces intrude into the Martins' life, controlling their destinies, we are again shown that human will is largely ineffectual. The novel's title is from a phrase by Proust, but it also can be interpreted as an allusion to the sword of Damocles—the ever-present peril of sickness and death, which is a mere hairbreadth away. On a more literal level, the invisible swords are the casts on Billy's legs which, though unseen, can be heard clashing as he tosses in the night, a constant reminder of his abnormality. The story explores the consequences to a family of the birth of a retarded child, especially as it affects the father's career. The irony is that Ethel and Bill have had the baby in an effort to save their failing marriage and to bring them happiness.

Farrell parallels Bill Martin's tragedy with that of Tod Johnson, whose wife, Clara, dies of cancer. Billy's clubfeet and retardation and the cancer that blooms in Clara's breast are but three infirmities in Farrell's Boschian landscape. The book is a frieze of infirmities, a vision of the frailty of the flesh and the ubiquitous nature of pain. In the novel's key passage Farrell tells us:

> The limitations of one's body could destroy the illusions and sensitive feeling of love. The human body with its needs, its vulnerabilities, forged chains upon one's dreams. Man lived in mud but aspired to the stars. He lived in his own body; his aspirations were flickerings and flames within.

Farrell is not unaware of the risks he has taken in writing this novel. Yet, with his typical integrity and purpose, Farrell went ahead and wrote the novel he was hurt into writing, even interrupting to do so the progress of his elaborate novel cycle collectively titled *A Universe of Time*, which he began in 1963 and outside which this book falls. But, as Tod says of his own novel, "I've got to write this book; and that means I have to thrust on anyone who'll read it a story that will depress—a story that you might call a naked tragedy."

Along the way Farrell explores the role of art in a materialistic society, the decline of the individual within technology, the impossibility of mutually reciprocal love, and the role of women in society and in marriage. If these are dated concerns—questions belonging only to the Thirties—I'll eat my Borsalino hat and throw in my bell-bottoms to boot.

In trying to do so much in one novel, Farrell was destined almost from the beginning not fully to succeed. The parade of miseries is too long. By the time one has endured Billy's clubfeet and brain damage, Ethel's puerperal fever, Clara's cancer, and Tod's alcoholism, he is entitled to some respite. Billy's clubfeet and Ethel's fever might well have been sacrificed to give increased focus and importance to the book's central tragedy, Billy's retardation, which is not perceived until page 258. Such editing would have eliminated repetition; at the same time, it would also have diluted and oversimplified one of Farrell's most powerful novels.

Robert Phillips is a young writer and critic, whose most recent book, "The Land of Lost Content," is a collection of short stories.

THE ABORTION:
An Historical Romance 1966

by Richard Brautigan

Simon & Schuster, 206 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95

Reviewed by Joseph Butwin

■ Richard Brautigan's novels have taken their place among the standard extra-curricular reading of college students. Their special appeal to the young may lie in Brautigan's capacity to make a myth that satisfies the demands of recent American experience, for he writes refreshing comedy that happens to accommodate a growing sense of disaster. A young man in his latest novel says, "I think we have the power to transform our lives into brand-new instantaneous rituals that we calmly act out when something hard comes up that we must do. We become like theaters." Hard times are with us, and Richard Brautigan provides his readers with the ritualistic and theatrical equipment appropriate for survival.

In *The Abortion* the question of survival is raised by a girl cursed with beauty. Vida (pronounced V-eye-da, to throw you off the allegorical track) harbors a troubled conscience in a spectacular body that American admen "would have made into a national park if they would have gotten their hands on her." Personifying one of our national values, the seductive Vida so distracts admirers that they crash automobiles and commit suicide; English teachers "fall like guillotines" and old men drop ice-cream cones in the sand when they see her coming. Vida brings her body and the story she has written to show "how horrible physical beauty is, the full terror of it," to a library dedicated to collecting "the unwanted,

(*Continued on page 67*)

"So what if the FBI doesn't have a dossier on you. It may be an oversight."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Fact as Fantasy

To my knowledge, no television documentary originally presented on public broadcasting stations has ever been repeated on a commercial network. An excellent candidate for such a first would be *Part of the Family*, produced and directed by Paul Ronder for Belafonte Enterprises and NET and recently shown on the Public Broadcasting Service. Institutional patterns in broadcasting make such a repeat highly improbable, but the program's exposure, on commercial television, to a much larger and less politically and socially liberal audience, might provide a clue to an intriguing question aroused in my mind by Mr. Ronder's brilliant, powerful polemic against the brutalization of life in our country.

The theme was dramatized by three families who have lost a son or a daughter in Vietnam or in the confrontations between students and local authorities at Kent State and Jackson State universities. I use the word "dramatized" precisely because the producer-director's novel achievement in this program was to make real people "act" themselves to an unprecedented degree.

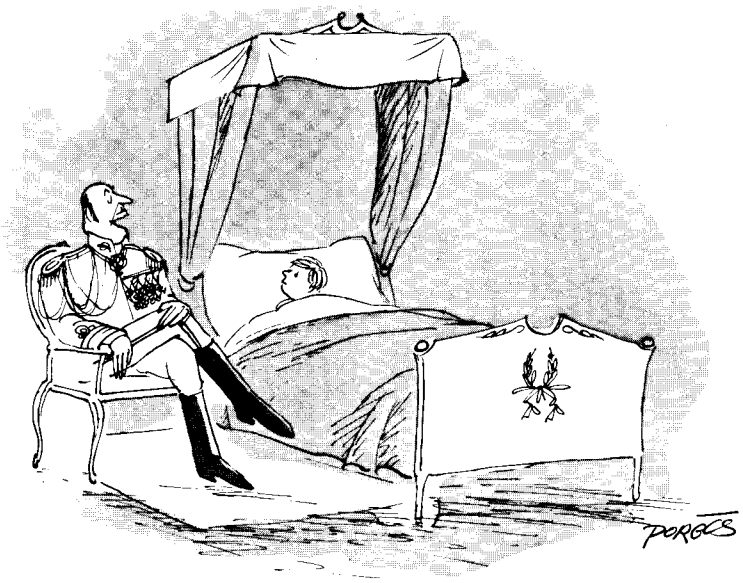
Mr. Ronder spent considerable time with the families of the three victims before his camera crew arrived at each location—in Long Island, Pittsburgh, and Jackson, Mississippi. He developed a strong rapport with them and let them choose, in some instances, the settings in which they vividly recalled warm, intimate, and terrifying details of the lost, young lives and sudden, untimely deaths. Carmine Macedonio, twenty, was killed when his tank hit a mine in Vietnam; Phillip Gibbs, twenty, was shot by Mississippi highway patrolmen while crossing the grounds of his university; and Allison Krause, twenty, was the victim of a National Guard bullet at Kent State.

Abjuring the conventional narrator-commentator or reporter-interviewer techniques, Ronder allowed the strong, deep feelings of the family members to come through directly to the cameras, in monologues or family dialogues. The technique was dramaturgic, but the director afterward acknowledged giving only a modicum of suggestion to his actors concerning their movements. Perhaps even this direction was not actually necessary. All of us have become so trained, via television, to the dramaturgical mode of self-presentation that Ronder's people knew exactly how to act themselves as real people moving about and comporting themselves as actors in a television drama. The effect was to strike gushers of buried grief, pain, sorrow, hostility, aggression, and pathos among the families mourning their dead, and its impact on viewers was profoundly moving and disturbing.

We have had other programs on Vietnam and the racial conflict, though not in the dramaturgical mode, that have had a similar impact. The interesting thing about this program, however, is that it may indicate a tendency among television's more sensitive artist-producers to fantasize the real world. News programs often are regarded by viewers as fantasy because the people in them are remote from ordinary life. Television drama, on the other hand, often is regarded as "real" because viewers recognize and identify with people like themselves engaged in common, human experiences. *Part of the Family* made the real world more real because it presented it in fantasy form. The pros and cons of this tendency constitute the intriguing question provoked by the program.

History tells us that philosophers and artists in societies in dissolution move to the dramatist's view ("All the world's a stage") to compensate for their loss of control over the real world. Thus Plato cast his dialogues as drama with Socrates his hero; thus Shakespeare, in the decline of monarchy, surrendered, in *The Tempest*, to the notion of the world as one of shadows and appearances.

Mr. Ronder may be leaning unconsciously to the fantasizing of reality because superb anti-war documentaries such as his don't seem to have any success in ending the war. On the other hand, he reports that participating in the program has been marvelously therapeutic for members of the families who took part. Hitherto frustrated and impotent in their grief, some, by acting, have suddenly discovered a sense of doing something to resolve the conflicts that killed their kin. The mother of the youth who died in Vietnam, previously a member of the Silent Majority, has taken to wearing a peace medallion. Can the affirmative therapy be broadened to include others responsive to the program? The film documentary on public television no doubt was preaching to the converted. Presented on commercial television, could it change views and make people act to end the brutalization that the program attacked implicitly? It may be a compensatory fantasy itself to imagine that television could give us back our lost control over our lives; but it would be thrilling to try and to discover that the shattering world can be unified, through fantasy, in a new reverence and order.



"Once upon a time there was a kind and benign dictator . . . ."

Counter-criticism by America's most challenging television critic

OPEN TO CRITICISM

by Robert Lewis Shayon
Saturday Review
TV-Radio editor

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Support Your Local Film-Maker

IT IS no longer news that many of the major film studios have run out of money, and that production in Hollywood today is virtually at a standstill. What *is* news is that fresh financing is beginning to flow from some very curious and unexpected sources—Quaker Oats, Mattel Toys, Bristol-Myers, General Electric. . . . In this era of industrial diversification and stock market uncertainty, the moves probably seem no more chancy than any other form of investment. *A Gunfight*, co-starring Kirk Douglas and singer Johnny Cash, is the first of this new wave of independently financed productions to reach the screen, and its backers are the oil-rich Jicarilla Apache tribe.

The resultant film, happily, is no cinematized sermon against white men with forked tongues who robbed their Indian brothers, nor even an attempt to apotheosize the noble savage. In fact, unless I blinked momentarily, there is not a single redskin in the entire picture. The Jicarilla Apaches financed *A Gunfight* for profit, not propaganda, and obviously someone was clear-sighted enough to recognize that rarely do the two go hand in hand. Since the budget was held to a mere (for these days) $2-million, and since the film features, in addition to its two stars, such rising luminaries as Jane Alexander and Karen Black, the Jicarillas may well come out ahead.

But *A Gunfight* has a good deal more going for it than budget and stars. The script, an original by Harold Jack Bloom, takes us to one of those bleak outpost towns that dotted the West toward the end of the last century. Douglas, a former gunfighter, earns a pittance as greeter at the local saloon, although his reputation is still untarnished. He is joined there by Johnny Cash, another formidable hand with a gun, but with nowhere to use it. Although the two like and understand each other at the first meeting, the town buzzes with the notion that a showdown gunfight is inevitable, and everyone starts laying sizable bets. The gunfighters, both broke, decide to give the townspeople their show, but at a price. They rent a bullfight arena just over the border in Mexico, sell tickets to their fight—and winner takes all.

The idea itself is commendably original, but Bloom had the courage not to stop there. He wanted to suggest that the town forced two good men into a fight that neither wanted; that their need for money made them ultimately, albeit reluctantly, accept their fate; and that no matter which man survived the gunfight, both were the losers. He accomplishes this through the bold, rarely used device of a dual ending (its fantasy nature subtly suggested by Laurence Rosenthal's discreet score, which actually works better than director Lamont Johnson's technique of simultaneously changing the texture of the photography). Without the admittedly tricky ending, *A Gunfight* would have been merely another good but immemorable Western. With the ending, the viewer is forced to consider the values and the consequences of a vanished way of life.

Support Your Local Gunfighter, a sequel to last year's successful *Support Your Local Sheriff*, looks at the West of approximately the same period as *A Gunfight*, but this time strictly for laughs. Unfortunately, there aren't many—unless you happen to be amused by the spectacle of an itinerant con man who, posing as a gunfighter, saps an opponent from the rear when challenged, then breaks the trigger fingers of both his own hands with a flatiron lest he be called out again. *Support* is filled with whimseys of this sort, with every gag underlined by at least four repetitions. As for direction, Burt Kennedy seems to have instructed his cast —James Garner, Suzanne Pleshette, Jack Elam, Harry Morgan, *et al.*—simply to talk loud and keep their faces moving. They all do, but only Elam manages to make it work for comedy, since his face is naturally so wayward and rubbery.

To prove that sequelae need not necessarily lead to disaster, however, there is *Escape from the Planet of the Apes*, the third time around for the fantastic characters created by Pierre Boulle. In this one, based on an ingenious script by Paul Dehn, our simian friends Cornelius and Zira escape from a fissioning future back to present-day Los Angeles. At first they are feted, given mod clothes, and invited to lecture at women's clubs and on television. But when Zira gives birth to a chimpanzee, fear sets in. What if these intelligent creatures should come to dominate the earth? The action slows down a bit as all sides ponder the possibilities, but soon the pursuit pattern established in earlier episodes returns—and with it, a final shot to suggest that we have not yet seen the last of these profitable anthropoids.

"Why isn't a strong, healthy young man like you playing for the Mets?"

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COMMUNICATIONS

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

The Right to Turn Down Advertising

SR Communications

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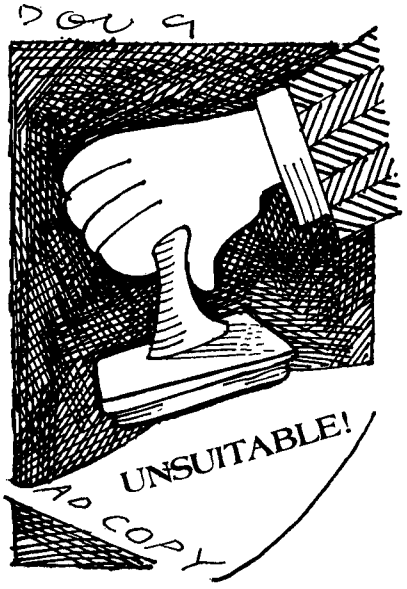

The right of every newspaper publisher to decline advertising, with or without explaining his reasons for doing so, was recently upheld in a vital decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Briefly, the Court ruled that a newspaper is not a common carrier, therefore does not have to sell its space to everyone who requests it. In other words, it's up to each individual publisher to print what *he* thinks is in the public interest and to be able to turn down advertisements unsuited to his audience, for all manner of reasons including libel, vulgarity, bad taste, or because they are misleading. It is one of those milestone decisions that come out of the Supreme Court affecting the very innards of the newspaper business.

The fundamental difference between publishing a newspaper and owning a radio or television station is, to be obvious, that one medium operates entirely inside the concept of free enterprise and the other two are, to some degree, government-controlled. Anyone can start a newspaper anywhere at any time. All he needs is a great deal of money, which he is certain to lose in the first few years of operation, a printing plant, and some sort of fixed audience. Most cities in the United States are now monopoly newspaper towns, alas, but not because other publishers have not been allowed to operate there. It's strictly a matter of economics in the highly competitive age of electronic news. On the other hand, the number of radio and TV stations is limited to the available channels and assignments must come through the Federal Communications Commission. This simple fact of applying to the government for a "publishing" outlet makes all the difference between printing a daily paper and owning a local broadcasting station.

A septuagenarian Japanese press lord, Matsutaro Shoriki, once boasted that he made a lot more money from his television network than from his great newspaper, *Yomiuri Shimbun*, and that he did it with a small fraction of the people he needed to put out the paper. Yet, just before his death two years ago, when asked if he had to do it all over again, which would he give up, his newspaper or TV chain, he replied: "I would never give up my newspaper. A newspaper means power." Lord Thomson, the powerful British press-TV-radio lord, fully agrees with this assessment, as would most, if not all, of those lucky Americans capable of owning properties in both fields.

It is this sense of power, we believe, that has always been the lodestone of the newspaper business, less so now that radio and television skim the cream off the top of the news, but still a valid magnet. Within the laws of libel a newspaper can publish or refuse virtually anything it pleases, including advertisements, under the new Supreme Court ruling. This has never been so and probably cannot be in any situation where a government agency like the FCC must license stations. *Ipso facto*, the licensing dampens if not kills the enthusiasms for and expressions of free enterprise available to public print. A newspaper editor, or publisher, is beholden only to himself and his audience, and even the social mirror does not always inhibit a courageous, or a stupid, publisher. In other words, it's entirely up to him what he says and how he says it in his news columns (and now with his advertisements, too). This simply is not true of government-assigned electronic media.

In the past two months this column has been devoted, in order, to the right to know and the right to protect a news source. The newest Supreme

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Court ruling involves the right to decline advertising, with or without a stated reason for doing so. It may, in the long run, be as important a journalistic freedom as either of the other two. It is, in a fundamental sense, closely related to both. It all began when a suit was brought by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America against several Chicago newspapers after they had rejected an ad explaining the union's reasons for picketing the Marshall Field department store two years ago. A United States district court dismissed the suit on grounds that a newspaper is a private enterprise, not a common carrier, and that its publisher and editor have a perfect right to turn down advertising with or without telling anyone why. The fact that the Chicago press were probably trying to protect one of their largest sources of revenue had no bearing in court. All appeals sustained dismissal of the suit.

Freedom of speech and freedom of the press include the right to refrain from speaking and publishing, to omit or turn down something for publication. If this were not the intent of the Bill of Rights, no newspaper could function since it would be forced to print everything anyone submitted to it. An editor (or publisher) would have no function in a society where everything submitted had to be put into type. Again, no editor exists in the true sense of the word on such totalitarian publications as *Izvestia* and *Pravda*. Mimics, yes; editors, no. And the Supreme Court is now saying to us that this right to publish and to refuse to publish extends beyond news to the advertising content that helps keep every paper in business—a milestone decision in every way. —R. L. T.

Invaluable Abrasive

"It is never pleasant to read things that are not agreeable news, but I would say that it is an invaluable arm of the Presidency—to check really on what is going on in the administration. And more things come to my attention that cause me concern or give me information. So I would think that . . . there is a terrific disadvantage not to have the abrasive quality of the press applied to you daily, to an administration, even though we never like it, and even though we wish they didn't write it, and even though we disapprove, there isn't any doubt that we could not do the job at all in a free society without a very, very active press."

—JOHN F. KENNEDY.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Norman Mailer's Side on "Harper's"

OVER THE YEARS, *an* author collects horseflies under the tail of his self-esteem. I know the editors of *Saturday Review* will be pleased to hear that *Time* and their own magazine are my favorite horseflies and, God willing, will go back someday to their own true natural food out in the fields.

Since it is the character of a horsefly to try its sting on every material before it, I suppose one need not be surprised at the combination of inaccuracy and unattributed reporting in the following quotation from Stuart W. Little's piece "What Happened at Harper's" [*SR*, Apr. 10]:

> At one get-together later in Morris's apartment, Mailer, reportedly rather pleased that his article was in the center of controversy, urged resignations on the editors, but some resented his surrogation of their moral decision. "Well, Norman," one of them is reported to have said stormily, "I may have done a lot of bad things, but I've never sold to *Life* for a million dollars an idea [*Of a Fire on the Moon*] Willie Morris gave me."

Since in two sentences Little manages to make four errors, let me tell Little what he could have learned by inquiring into my version of the events.

1) I was not pleased that "The Prisoner of Sex" was "in the center of controversy." I was sick at the thought that this piece I had written in the great editorial freedom of *Harper's* (a climate not easy to describe to *Saturday Review* editors) had contributed to smashing that same editorial freedom. But then who reported I was pleased?

2) I didn't urge resignations on the editors. In my outrage on first hearing the news, I blurted out, "Well, I guess the editors will all resign now," passing insensitively over the fact that they had families, commitments, and need for salaries, and resignation would cost them much. But I did not *urge* them. I merely spoke once, too quickly, and without the right.

3) I didn't sell *Of a Fire on the Moon* to *Life*. The *Life* editors approached me. Aware that Willie Morris had suggested the same idea two months before, he was the first man I called after accepting *Life*'s offer. It was at a time when finances were pressing, and Morris, recognizing the inevitable, sighed mightily and agreed that under the circumstances I had small choice.

4) It was not for a million dollars. This is nothing but slovenly or invidious reporting. Everybody in publishing knows by now that the true figure is $450,000, and only a small fraction of that sum was paid by *Life*. The rest, as the reporter and editors of *Saturday Review* have to be aware, was hardcover, paperback, serial rights, and foreign rights. But a horsefly is a horsefly. Its need is to sting.

Cheers, gents, and regards to Stuart Little for getting all those facts so straight. There's nothing like reporting what a guy said he heard another guy tell him somebody said.

NORMAN MAILER,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We're grateful to Mr. Mailer for his version of the events at* Harper's.

Hopefully, He's Got a Point

NO DOUBT I am fighting a losing battle, but I must object again to the use of the locution "hopefully" to mean "it is to be hoped" or "one hopes." I refer to MADISON AVENUE by Herbert Maneloveg in the May 8 issue. Mr. Maneloveg says: "Add radio plus the local TV effort and you have a pretty sizable barrage on the young, hopefully impressionable male mind."

What is a "hopefully impressionable mind"? Whatever logic remains in language tells us that a "hopefully impressionable mind" is a mind that is fully hopeful about its impressionability—or, perhaps, a mind that is impressionable in a hopeful way. But what Maneloveg *meant*, though he didn't say it, is this: "Add radio plus the local TV effort, and you have a rather sizable barrage on the young and—the Pentagon hopes—impressionable male mind."

In spite of erosions among my own colleagues in English, I am trying to eliminate "hopefully" from the vocabulary, unless the word means what it says. I can "hopefully" assign a paper, in the expectation that it will be carried out. I can "hopefully" work in a political campaign. But I can't "hopefully" lay down a course of action that I only *hope* will be carried out. As someone whose name I have forgotten once pointed out, German has two different words, *hoffbar* and *hoffentlich*. The former has the meaning, in English, of "hopeful" and "hopefully"; the latter—literally "hopingly"—has the meaning of "it is to be hoped."

I am sure that you will hopefully print my letter, on which I spent many hope-

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A COMMENCEMENT FOR JOURNALISTS

by JOHN HOHENBERG

There is an expanding body of opinion on the nation's campuses that holds journalism, the crankiest of professions, to represent the cutting edge of social change. At both undergraduate and graduate levels, in consequence, the study and practice of journalism are acquiring a professional respectability hitherto reserved for medicine and the law. The roughhouse days of the Hildy Johnson era no longer have much appeal, except perhaps, in stage revivals or on the Late Late Show, for spavined old-timers who are wont to cry in their beer.

This may be a surprise to some of the paladins of American journalism who are not quite sure of what they can do about the increasing numbers of university-trained journalists who are battering at newsroom doors across the land. But there is no doubt of the strength of the trend.

Because of it, this year will mark a banner commencement for journalists. Of the 33,000 journalism majors who enrolled in 162 American journalism schools last fall, about 8,000 are receiving their degrees this month. That is the end result of a tripling of journalism enrollments since 1960, when there were only 11,390 journalism majors.

Accordingly, the curve of those holding bachelor's, master's, and doctoral degrees from journalism schools has pointed steadily upward. Hildy Johnson would never understand it, and perhaps it's just as well. His was an entirely different kind of journalism, the flash-dash-crash of the old Chicago era, and it survives in the main on newspapers that still resist the horrendous thought of change.

About a year ago, there was a notion that the period of growth for journalism schools was over and a time of consolidation was at hand. Professor Paul V. Peterson of the Ohio State University School of Journalism, who is a specialist in such matters, even sounded a general warning to that effect in the *Journalism Quarterly*.

But the picture hasn't changed yet. Despite the end of graduate draft deferments, a recession, and an uncommonly tough job market this spring, the big push for journalism education shows no sign of slackening.

In the face of a 7 per cent overall drop in applications for enrollment at Ivy League institutions, the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism has had a 40 per cent increase and some other major journalism schools have reported a similar phenomenon, although not as large. Columbia had 607 completed applications for 125 places before May 1 and requests for $200,000 in scholarship aid with only $85,000 presently available.

The reason for the turn toward journalism is not hard to find. Like the Class of 1971, the newcomers for the most part have an idealistic approach that would make an old-time journalist shudder in disbelief. Policies and the shaping of public opinion interest many of them far more than the relentless pursuit of the news that engaged so much of the lives of their professional forebears. And in this respect, the journalists of the newest generation are very much like the young lawyers and the young physicians who enlist in their professions in the cause of the betterment of society.

It is all very well for the older generation to smile patronizingly at the intensity of such beliefs in the young. But for sheer numbers alone, nothing like this swarming toward the law, medicine, and journalism has ever been seen before in this republic. That ought to prove something about the convictions and the state of mind of these new professionals, with tuition at more than $2,800 a year in most Ivy League institutions.

The Educational Testing Service reports, for example, that there will be 100,000 applications for 24,000 openings in 125 law schools for 1972. For medical schools, the situation is more difficult, with warnings already being given that 60 per cent of all applicants to such schools last year had to be turned down. The outlook is even tighter this year.

Journalism, in proportion, is maintaining its appeal. Nor is this manifested by increased applications for enrollment alone. Where the news media once were loftily ignored by the elect of academe, they are considered today to be worthy of extended study as harbingers of changing times. Social scientists have taken to the earnest examination of the motivation of newspapers, news magazines, and the electronic media. A poet of the first rank, Archibald MacLeish, has sung an ode to the astronauts on the moon for immediate publication. And philosophers have found an eerie kind of fascination in the endless pounding of the wire service teletypes, the projections of the news through facsimile, and the coming changes that will be wrought on the shaping of opinion by the computer, cable television, and the almost limitless transmission capacity of the laser beam. Even practiced historians have not scorned the task of delving into the meaning of today's events no later than tomorrow, if not in the very next edition or news program.

As for the journalists, those incapable rogues of yesteryear, they have been weaned away from their poor men's clubs and plumped down on the lecture platform as people of consequence. To go from barroom to classroom in three generations is no mean accomplishment.

That, after all, is just about the period of time that has elapsed since the first student journalists left Columbia with their first assignments, diligently followed by a pack of jeering New York newspaper reporters. And many of those still teaching journalism can remember that the lack of enthusiasm with which they were welcomed in academe was exceeded only by the pejorative used, of the term "Professor" uttered through clenched teeth, by their erstwhile colleagues in the newsrooms.

Despite the agreeable change in status on the campus, it still isn't exactly a case of the last having become first, of the stone that the builders rejected having become the cornerstone. Journalism is still not precisely sanctified. Both journalism schools and their students at all levels have an uneasy feeling, in their more practical moments, that they will have to seek somehow to make a better adjustment to the

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workaday aspects of their profession. And inside the news media, the movers and shakers are likely to find it necessary to take greater account in their planning and development of an increasingly powerful educational complex that has grown with remarkably little help from them.

What happens to the Class of 1971, in this respect, will probably have a considerable impact on the future of recruitment for both the profession and its never very comfortable extension in academe. To the uninitiated, it might seem a relatively easy matter for the communications industry, with approximately 500,000 employees, to absorb another 8,000 university graduates this year—a mere 1.6 per cent of the total. But the situation isn't that simple, for media jobs in certain areas are far from plentiful at this writing.

Taking the Newspaper Fund's statistics for the Class of 1970 as a guide, only 42.3 per cent, or 3,216 graduates, was estimated to have found places in the media. The rest went into graduate schools, teaching, the military, or other fields, and a whopping 32.3 per cent either reported that they had no job or, to quote the Newspaper Fund, "did not report having a job."

Of those in the Class of 1970 who reported they were employed, the fund's projections showed that 16.8 per cent, or 1,277, went to daily newspapers; 2.7 per cent, or 205, to weekly newspapers; 1 per cent, or 76, to wire services; 1.7 per cent, or 129, to magazines; 2.9 per cent, or 221, to television news; and 1.4 per cent, or 107, to radio news. Leaving aside the 15.8 per cent, or 1,201, who went into advertising or public relations, this means that the entire editorial operations of the American news media were able to absorb barely 2,000 persons with journalism degrees last year—only 3 per cent of an estimated total of 60,000 who are regularly employed in this part of the industry.

This year, if the job squeeze continues, even that minimal employment total could drop unless there is a marked change in the attitudes of a number of major employers. And this is where the crunch comes in. To put the pertinent questions very bluntly:

- How long can American journalism as a whole resist a considerably larger infusion of youthful talent, energy, enthusiasm, and ideas than it has been accustomed to absorb?

- How long can American television and radio, in particular, continue their policy of minimal hiring of university graduates by drawing instead on the staffs of newspapers that do engage a fair share of them?

- How long can the heartening trend toward journalism education continue if so little is done by the profession on the whole to encourage belief in youthful ideals?

To be fair, the NBC and CBS networks have done far more than the newspapers to finance summer programs for the training of minority journalists. But it can scarcely be argued that such a long-deferred and necessary move, and stepped-up hiring of minority journalists as well, is making it impossible to engage even the normal quota of university graduates.

The Newspaper Fund reported in this connection that there was a 71.9 per cent increase in minority journalism graduates last June over commencement 1969, but this amounted to a total of exactly ninety-eight persons. Of these, the newspapers took twenty-five and the electronic media nine, the rest being proportionately dispersed in other fields, except for seventeen who either had no job or filed no report. On the basis of such statistics, giving precedence to minority training and hiring is scarcely an excuse for a general job squeeze.

Nor are beginners' salaries in journalism so great a drain on a major news organization that hiring must be severely curtailed or halted altogether, as some employers have decided to do. The Newspaper Fund's estimates of beginning salaries in 1971 for journalists with bachelor's degrees average between $140 and $144 a week, scarcely a stupendous investment for great corporations even in the present period of recession.

True, the major networks, never having known what it is to go through even a small recession, felt strained by the loss of cigarette advertising and by other bites in their revenue. But they seem to have survived. It is reported that NBC News still operates on a $100-million budget with 1,100 people, CBS News on a $50-million budget with 900 people, and ABC News on a $30-million budget with 554 people. Yet, neither the networks nor other parts of the electronic media appear likely at this time to hire even their usual small percentage of the Class of 1971 unless there is a policy reversal.

As for newspapers, always the prime reliance for journalism school graduates and others, it appears in retrospect that too much emphasis was placed by the industry on an article in *The New York Times* in March that stated that more than 1,000 jobs had been eliminated at that newspaper, Time, Inc., and the McGraw-Hill Publications Company. As for the reported advertising slump among some national leaders, the *Times* article obviously could not have taken into account the many glowing financial reports issued later in the spring that showed healthy monetary gains for 1970 over 1969 by numerous newspaper organizations. Among them were Gannett, Knight, Ridder, Booth, Media General, Lee Enterprises, and the New York *Daily News*. Dow Jones was certainly in no trouble with its giant *Wall Street Journal* and its acquisition of the Ottaway chain. As for the annual

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"You are president of Maxwell J. Hoffman Enterprises, Inc.—and if you just remain calm, I'll have you looking the part in twenty minutes."

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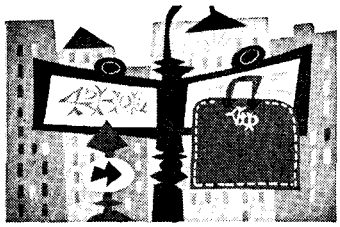
Madison Avenue



Who's on First?

The new 1971 campaigns have stirred up the advertising rivalry in the rent-a-car industry. No one in the field any longer is talking about being No. 2. Nay-saying is distinctly passé. Each, in his own way, is boasting in the ad headlines only about being or becoming No. 1.

Despite claims and counter-claims the relative standings remain the same —Hertz leading, Avis second, National Car Rental third. But the new advertising campaigns—everyone is a heavy spender in all media—the publicity, and whatever figures are leaked out of unreleased balance sheets and withheld performance charts have to do not so much with fixed standing order as with relative and projected movement up or down—trends rather than places. Is Avis catching Hertz, or is National catching Avis? It's no small matter in an industry that had half-a-billion dollars in sales domestically in 1970 and, worldwide, involved 550,000 cars and $1.2-billion in revenues.

Some strong creative agencies have had a hand in all of this. Hertz's advertising posture is a confident assumption of its own industry-leading position as the oldest and biggest car rental company:

> You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

Avis, playing new variations on its "We try harder" theme, has cast itself in the role of a fast-closing challenger. Since the new campaign broke in January its theme song has been:

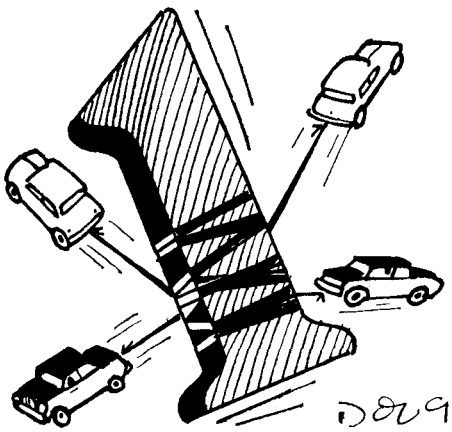
> Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.

National, hoping to reap some benefit from the bitter rivalry on top, has forsworn head-on competition, joining Hertz only, to put it generously, in neglecting to discourage the speculation so disparaging to Avis that National may be more a threat to Avis's No. 2 position than Avis is to Hertz's No. 1 spot. Publicly, National claims to be No. 1 only where it really counts—with the customer:

> Ride with us and be number 1.

In the advertising sweepstakes, Avis, historically, has forced the game. "We're only No. 2. We try harder"—first introduced in February 1963, by Doyle Dane Bernbach—is one of the most renowned advertising campaigns of all time. For a while Hertz suffered the slighting inference in silence. Then, as advertising men the length of Madison Avenue waited and speculated, Hertz in late 1967 counter-punched with big, black headlines reading, "For years, Avis has been telling you Hertz is No. 1. Now we're going to tell you why." Carl Ally, whose firm prepared that copy, recalled that the first Hertz advertising was intended simply to convince people to rent cars. No one was then fighting for a share of the market. "Hertz built a business," said Ally. "Avis came along and said let's steal some of it."

In 1968 Avis dropped the "We try harder" theme. After an unsuccessful attempt at a new campaign, Doyle Dane Bernbach resigned the account. Avis changed to Benton & Bowles in September 1969, and decided thereafter to restore "We try harder." Paying a rival agency the ultimate compliment, David Kreinik, the Benton & Bowles senior vice president who supervises the Avis account, said this phrase is "one of the most memorable, effective, associative lines in the business." Hertz resorted to burnishing the corporate image with the slogan, "You don't just rent a car. You rent a company." Avis amused itself briefly with the wry retort, "If you want to rent a company, that's your business. If you want to rent a car, that's our business." But such counter-tactics, one suspects, gratify the client more than they impress the public, and Avis soon went over to its current offensive, restoring its image of effortful service. Winston V. Morrow, Jr., Avis's bright and peppery chief executive, welcomed the old line back. "When you have a good idea going for you," he says, "push it."



The kick-off in late January of the present campaign—to which Avis for 1971 has allocated $6-million—consisted of two-page newspaper spreads listing the names of hundreds of Avis employees pledging themselves to the goal of making Avis No. 1. Like the earlier campaign, the new one challenges and rallies the Avis organization. The "inside" effect is considered of equal importance to its outside appeal. Each ad, further, was designed to point out some customer benefit. One example was "Red Box," a new Avis electronic programing system for the garages designed to monitor or effect some twenty-two service checks from brakes and depth of tire tread to radio and ashtrays. Another was "Wizard," the company name for an advanced computerized reservation system now undergoing strenuous trial runs in the eastern wing of Avis World Headquarters in Garden City, Long Island. To be put into operation serially in 1972, Wizard will handle reservations, check credit, keep track of the whereabouts of cars at all times, and compute and reproduce, in seconds, the rental agreement. For Avis, this system, on which a hundred computer specialists are now at work, represents an investment of $12.8-million. It is a large reason for Morrow's confidence about becoming No. 1.

"A mere numbers game isn't what we're looking for," he says. "I believe this is an attainable kind of goal—not this year or next, but perhaps in three years. We have a revitalized organization here. We are making technological breakthroughs. We'll have something new in pricing policy. We expect to be growing domestically, and we expect to move well past Hertz overseas. In three years I expect to be considerably larger than the next rent-a-car business."

One rather obvious battleground for future Hertz-Avis competition will be the promising overseas market, particularly Western Europe, which Morrow visualizes in ten years becoming a bigger market for car rental than the whole of the United States.

Hertz, not surprisingly, is skeptical of the new thrust of Avis advertising. According to trade sources, the Hertz budget for advertising, promotion, and related activities this year will come to $12-million—46 per cent in television, the rest in magazines, newspapers, posters, and outdoor display.

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THE EYES AND EARS OF THE WORLD

by JOHN TEBBEL

"What is a newsreel, Daddy?"

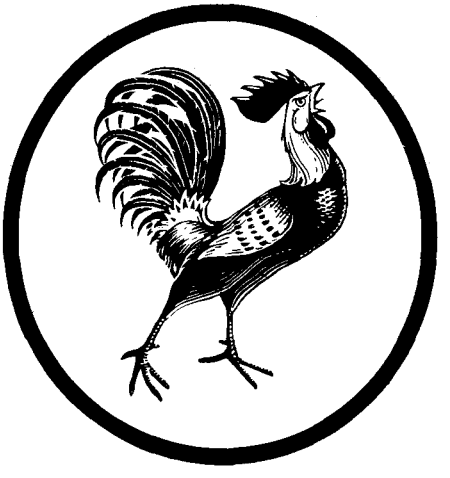
Yes, he is actually asking you that question, this child of the Television Age, and it occurs to you that a whole generation is growing up without ever having seen the camera swing around on the screen and zoom in on you against a montage background of action shots, and from the camera lens emerge the slogan, "The Eyes and Ears of the World." There are ears, too, that have never heard the Fox Movietone March swelling up at the triumphant finale. Nor will this benighted generation ever see Hearst Metrotone News (later News of the Day), or Universal News, or Pathé, or Paramount, or the regular weekly portion of doom from The March of Time. They are gone, along with Selected Short Subjects and Previews of Coming Attractions.

Television killed pictorial journalism on the silver screen, ending an era that began in 1896 with the filming of the British Derby. It closed in the final week of December 1967, when the last Universal Newsreel was shown in 1,600 moviehouses, after which the company shut its doors. Appropriately, in the last year of its life Universal Newsreels obtained its material from a company engaged primarily in the television business.

"What are newsreels? Well, I'll tell you. . . ." But how does one explain a man like Lew Lehr, with popping eyes and crazy mustache, who did the feature stories in a kind of breathless baby-talk voice-over, and whose signature, "Monkeys is the kwaziest people," invariably broke up the audience. ("They *laughed* at that, Daddy?") Or Ed Thorgerson, whose propulsive voice could make even the dullest event sound like the year's Greatest Sports Thrill. (At the end of the year, there was always an anthology of Sports Thrills, each given an equal shot of Thorgerson adrenaline. Earlier it was administered by Graham McNamee, the first big-name sports announcer, whose radio descriptions of sunsets over the Rose Bowl sometimes overshadowed the games.) These were the stars of Universal, but all the newsreels had their unforgettable voices.

The formats were essentially the same—a condensed version of today's television news shows, beginning with the major stories of the week (the issues appeared once or twice a week) in descending order of importance and ending with a feature twist, Lehr's monkeys, or some oddity in the day's news. The March of Time went further and attempted to do stories in depth, within a relatively short span of film, but the depth was mostly in the narration; the camera shots were not significantly different from the others. What *was* different, however, was the voice of the narrator, Westbrook Van Voorhis, whose deep, measured accents —"the march [pregnant pause] of time"—earned him the popular title of "voice of doom." A slim, black-mustached, and amiable man, Van Voorhis was hardly doom-inspiring except professionally; he was more at home on his farm near New Milford, Connecticut.

Behind the voices were the heroes of the newsreels—the cameramen who often risked their lives to film the news and of whom some were artists. The serious young film buffs of today do not consider much of their work as being technically brilliant. Leonard Maltin, whose *Film Fan Monthly* is aimed at these buffs, believes their work was no more brilliant than the camerawork in television news shows today. But there were flashes of exceptional quality, as in James Wong's memorable shot of the baby, sitting desolate and crying in the bombed-out railroad station at Shanghai—a picture most people remember better as a still occupying a full page in *Life* magazine. Operating on a twice-a-week schedule, as most of them did, the newsreel companies had to work under great pressure, and simply to produce the films was like getting out an extra edition of a newspaper every day. There were staff cameramen on the payroll in key cities, plus stringers who could be guaranteed to provide the more remote coverage, as such reporters did for the wire services.



"But what did they *show*, Daddy?"

They showed the stuff of history in fragments caught like a frieze on the face of time. There were the remarkable pictures of the disastrous fire that nearly wiped out Bar Harbor, Maine, in the late Forties, shot by a stringer whose expense account noted only the loss of a pair of galoshes. ("Never mind what galoshes were.") And others:

- the *Hindenburg* cracking in two and roaring up in flames as it docked at Lakehurst under a lightning-streaked sky, while the twisting bodies fell from it in a rain of burning flesh.
- "Galloping Gertie," the doomed bridge in the state of Washington, breaking apart in a storm, lashing in agony through the air before it thundered into the river below.
- the agonizing view of a young man named John Ward balancing on the ledge of the Gotham Hotel in New York on a day in 1938, the camera catching his despairing indecision and the arms reaching out toward him from the windows before his body fell in a graceful arc to the marquee below.
- Norman Alley, escaping death on the decks of the *Panay* as he filmed the Japanese planes that bombed and sank the American gunboat on the Yangtze River in 1937. Alley sold his exclusive film to the other newsreel companies, and it was later made into a two-reel special by Universal.
- Damien Parrer, the ace of the Paramount staff, steadfastly filming his own death as the enemy plane swooped in and gunned him down in the South Pacific during the Second World War.
- Charles Lindbergh, in one of the first talking newsreel shots, standing on a muddy airfield in Mineola, Long Island, explaining laconically that he meant to fly to Paris, and then the *Spirit of St. Louis* lifting off into the murky dawn. Sound brought the voices of the age—George Bernard Shaw, Mussolini, Ramsay MacDonald, King Alfonso of Spain, hundreds of others.

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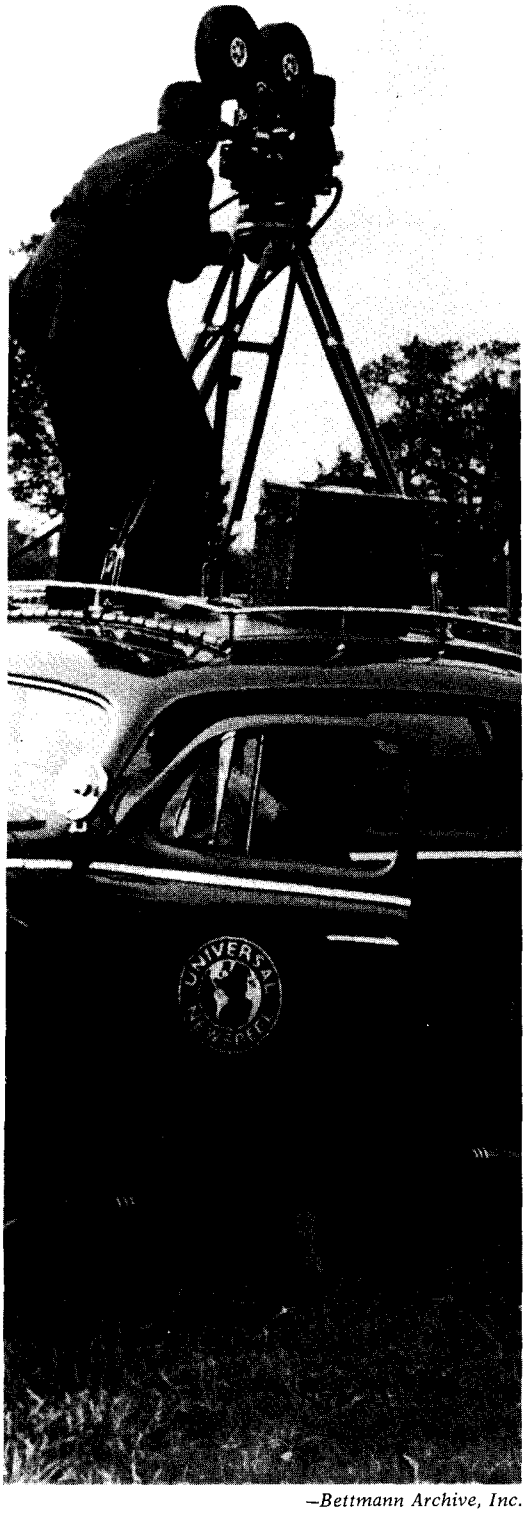


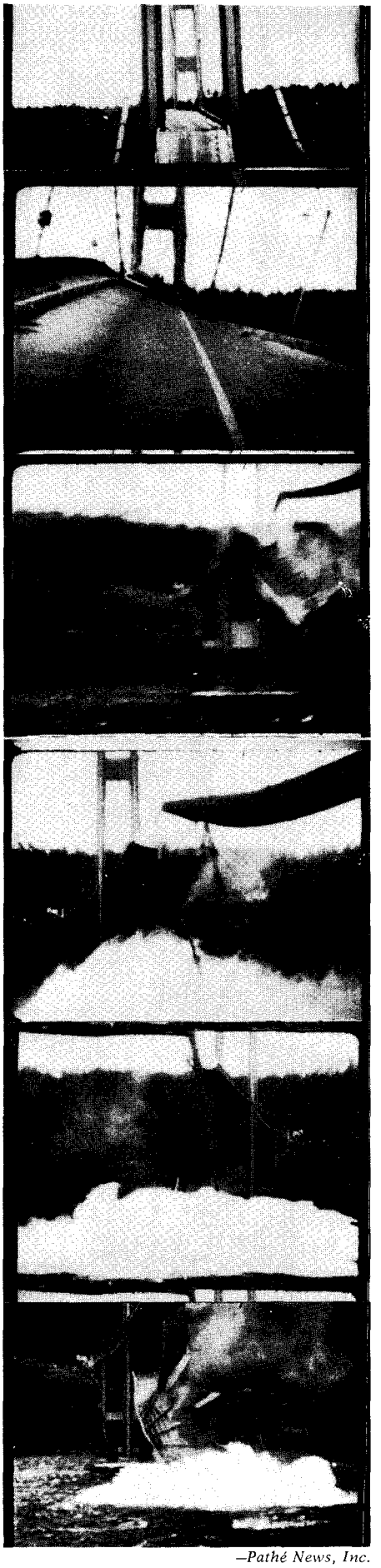
—Bettmann Archive, Inc.

There was editorializing of a not very subtle variety in some of the newsreels. Hearst Metrotone was the worst offender, faithfully following the Chief's policy, whatever it might have been. Sometimes, too, the editors were unbelievably myopic as they tried to give human interest twists to stories of staggering events. Who can forget Universal's coverage of the atomic bomb's first explosion, which the company symbolized with a shot of a conventional bombing run, the voice-over explaining that this was now obsolete in the mushroom light of Alamogordo, followed by a cut to a sailor sitting with his dog on the deck of a destroyer and narrator Ed Herlihy remarking cheerily, "the Atomic Bomb: It shouldn't happen to a dog!"

In its coverage of the war itself, the newsreels had been heavy-handedly patriotic, as when Lowell Thomas's brisk voice told us that the rescued Australian flyer we had just seen pulled out of the sea wanted only to get back into the fight. "That kind of spirit will win this war." Thomas's upbeat voice assured us. "And if you don't think so, you're as crazy as Hitler!"

The chief value of the newsreel is its documentation of American history (and a good part of European history as well) in sight and sound. Clips from these films turn up constantly in contemporary documentaries on television and also in a good many motion pictures. People who want to look at the actual event can go back, as far as regular news coverage is concerned, to the productions of the Biograph Company, whose first big stories were the Boer and Russo-Japanese wars. In clips from the following years, when movie companies proliferated, we can see Jim Jeffries fighting Gentleman Jim Corbett, the early Easter parades on Fifth Avenue, the earthquake and fire in San Francisco, Wilbur Wright's first airplane flight in France, Theodore Roosevelt running for the Presidency, Harry Houdini escaping from his chains—among thousands of other historic images.

Newsreels were placed on a commercial basis in 1909, when Charles Pathé founded the Pathé-Journal that became Pathé News, and later set up Pathé Frères (in conjunction with his brothers Émile, Théophile, and Jacques), with its familiar crowing rooster as a trademark. This French company confined its first efforts to French current events, but the idea spread quickly to America. Leon Franconi introduced it to America in 1910; Hearst and Universal began in 1912; Paramount made its start in 1916 and Fox in 1918. Hearst was originally in partnership with Pathé, and the newsreel was called Hearst-Pathé, but a split came in 1918



—Pathé News, Inc.

"Galloping Gertie," the doomed bridge in the state of Washington.

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when Pathé accused Hearst of being pro-German, and W. R. began his own International Newsreel.

After sound came in, and Fox Movietone News was grossing as much as $100,000 a week, newsreels were so popular that another cultural phenomenon occurred—the all-newsreel theater, where a customer could kill time and edify himself with a half-hour or forty-five minutes of straight newsreel, an almost indigestible mixture of politics, sports, and features, followed by short subjects ranging from Mickey Mouse to little journeys through foreign countries—"and so we leave beautiful Bavaria, the land of peace and plenty."

People went to the newsreel theaters for a variety of reasons. Sometimes the audiences contained sociologists, politicians, commentators, and other people-watchers who carefully noted audience reaction to the images of politicians on the screen. The reactions often were uninhibited, as *The New Yorker* noted in its famous cartoon depicting a Union League Club type saying enthusiastically to his friends, "Let's all go down to the newsreels and hiss Roosevelt."

The idea of the newsreel penetrated fiction style long before cinematic techniques became common among experimental writers. In his *U.S.A.* trilogy, John Dos Passos used it effectively—and by name—to develop the background against which these novels took place. Other writers used the same device without labeling it as such.

Fox became the largest of the newsreel companies, with branches abroad—including European Movietone News and British Movietone News—where reels were made specially for nearly every country in Europe except Russia. In both Europe and America, the average length of a newsreel was more or less standardized at ten minutes, divided up among anywhere from nine to thirteen different subjects. In their operation, the companies were organized along the lines of newspapers, with news desk, assignment desk, and a staff of cameramen backed up by stringers.

Depending on the assignment, reporting with the camera could be swashbuckling and dangerous in the manner of Richard Harding Davis, or it could be an exceedingly pleasant way of life, as in the case of the sports staff. Encountering a newsreel crew, for example, in the Nineteenth Hole bar at the Pinehurst Country Club during a golf tournament and listening to their tales of girls, athletes, and monumental drinking competitions, opened up new vistas to a writer whose life was spent staring into the open maw of a typewriter. The salaries were not large—a union-guaranteed minimum of $90—but expense accounts were usually generous and the living was easy. On spot news, however, involving fires, natural disasters, political events, and the other "hard stuff," cameramen were exposed to all the hazards of ordinary reporting plus the difficulties of carrying their equipment, which fortunately was progressively reduced in size until it weighed no more than 150 pounds for both camera and sound recorder.

Newsreels finally achieved the movie industry's Oscar when The March of Time was cited for "having revolutionized . . . the newsreel" with its twenty-minute semi-documentaries. Time further revolutionized the art in 1938 with the first issue devoted to a single subject, "Inside Nazi Germany," which the Warner Theaters refused to show because they considered it "Nazi propaganda." Nevertheless, it insured March of Time's success in the business.

If there were people who booed President Roosevelt, there were also those, finally, who got around to booing the owners of the newsreels themselves, specifically Hearst. By 1936, they not only were booing Hearst Metrotone, which was blatantly anti-Roosevelt, but were picketing the theaters showing its newsreels. At that juncture, Hearst adroitly changed the title to News of the Day and had it distributed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Orson Welles mocked the Hearstian style in *Citizen Kane* with a parody newsreel called News on the March, a superb put-on that unfortunately has given a new generation, which reveres *Citizen Kane*, an erroneous idea of what newsreels were actually like.

"But *what* were they like, Daddy?"

Well—helplessly—they were like television, that's what they were like, but television was more like newsreels than the newsreels themselves. Only a year after Warner-Pathé News had produced the first color newsreel (it was the Rose Bowl game and parade), the Walter Reade chain became the first theaters to drop newsreels experimentally, and after that the end was in sight, although it took eighteen years of lingering death to finish off the medium.

If it's the eyes and ears of the world you want, kid, turn to Channel Four and shut up.

"I'm instituting a revenue-sharing program. I want you to share your revenues with me."

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Public Relations

Moving Time

The urge of individuals to leave the large cities and their multiple problems has now affected many corporations that have headquarters in highly concentrated urban areas. Nowhere is this more evident than in New York City, long the corporate center of many of the nation's largest companies. To all the obvious difficulties of city living or commuting from the suburbs has now been added another company headache: the reluctance, and in many cases the refusal, of young executives to accept posts in New York, once the ultimate goal of the upwardly mobile. In order to persuade men to move to their New York headquarters, many companies are considering, and others have implemented, hardship pay for those who are willing to relocate. And often even that inducement is spurned.

In the last three or four years, a stream of large companies has moved out of New York. Most have gone to the suburbs. Three of the largest to move are American Can to Greenwich, Connecticut; CPC International to Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey; and Olin to Stamford, Connecticut. All three have annual sales in excess of $1-billion. Also on the move to Stamford are Continental Oil, with sales last year of almost $3-billion, and General Telephone and Electronics, with sales of $3.4-billion.

It is worth taking a look at a company that long has been as concerned about its relations with its employees as it has been about those with the general public: Shell Oil Company, with sales of $4.3-billion. Its move is not to a nearby suburb where many of its employees already live but to a location 1,700 miles away: Houston, Texas. The move involves not only the operating headquarters but the corporate headquarters as well.

The planning, as it must, began early, in this case two years before any announcement was made. In 1967, a study of future space requirements began. A management committee looked into all alternatives, including those in Manhattan. In the spring of 1969, the decision was made to go to Houston. All top corporate officers were involved, but those most directly responsible were Shell's vice president-financial, a staff assistant, and an executive of the purchasing department. Once the decision was made, a coordinating group was organized, and a separate task force from the employee relations department put together a package of benefits for employees. Shell's public relations department was brought into the planning about two months before the announcement.

To prevent wild rumors, with their attendant inaccuracies and distortions, every precaution was taken to prevent leaks that might affect employee morale. The day before the announcement, August 14, 1969, all the New York managers of the company were given a confidential package that contained a "Management Letter," detailed information on employee benefits, and two pages of anticipated questions and answers. At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the public announcement all the managers throughout the headquarters' offices simultaneously met with their employees and went over the announcement with them. By 4 o'clock the Management Letter, with its explanations and full information, was on every desk for detailed study.

Naturally, the employees' reactions were mixed. About half of the staff was glad to leave New York and its difficult living or commuting conditions. The rest were worried because of the uncertainty the announcement brought into their measured lives or because they had obligations or ties in New York that would preclude their making the move.

To clarify any employee questions—to let them know what Houston was like and what the new working environment was to be—two-hour indoctrination sessions were held in New York for small groups of employees. These sessions covered every detail of moving policy, benefits, tips on moving, advice on house-hunting, information on the city of Houston. As an added explanatory feature, a continuous exhibit that included a motion picture on Houston, and color slides of its homes, schools, churches, and shopping centers, was set up adjacent to the employee lunchroom.

Every employee, from top executive to newly hired office boy, was invited to move. Every employee, regardless of level, choosing to make the move was entitled to a week's house-hunting trip to Houston, accompanied by the spouse of either sex, at company expense. All moving expenses were picked up, including closing fees on houses, legal fees, real estate agents' commissions, and other costs related to going to Houston. In addition, the company provided a resettlement allowance of two-thirds of one month's salary to cover the cost of draperies, rods, rugs, the installation of appliances, and other items that are of necessity involved in a household move. In Houston, a relocation center was set up, where employees on house-hunting trips could obtain real estate information and guidance on mortgages.

For those who did not want to relocate, there also were benefits. Basically, a month's pay plus one week's salary for each year of service up to nineteen years was provided. For those fifty years of age or over, who had been with the company for at least nineteen years, early retirement was permitted. (Shell's senior executives must retire at sixty.) Help was given in job-hunting on every level of the company.

In advance of the announcement, Shell discussed the move with Houston banks, real estate brokers, and others to outline likely housing requirements and to plan for adequate financing for house purchasing. Since Shell already had more than 4,500 employees in Houston, little information was needed about the kind of company coming in force to the city. In all, the combined operating and corporate headquarters moved 2,450 jobs from New York to Houston.

Approximately 800 employees did not make the move, which will be fully completed by July 18 if all goes according to schedule. No employee who declined to go to Houston was left in the lurch. All either have jobs, have retired, or have taken a few months off to look around while collecting their benefits.

And the cost of this move? The total will be about $35-million, of which 65 per cent is "people cost." D. B. Kemball-Cook, the president of Shell and its chief executive for much of the planning and most of the move, put the rationale of the company this way: "In a move such as this, the first consideration must be to retain as many valuable and experienced people as possible and to do everything possible to treat fairly the employees who, for personal reasons over which they have no control, are unable to move. Although policies to accomplish these two objectives account for a substantial portion of the expenses of Shell's move to Houston, these policies are only enlightened self-interest."

—L. L. L. GOLDEN

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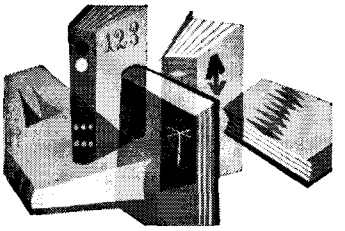
Books in Communications



Programing for the Public

Public television is growing in power and acceptance as fast as it is today partly because our uneasiness is growing over commercial television and its driving purpose—to push a product. For a long time we were content; products were part of our boundless growth. But now that affluence and meaningless consumption are everywhere in question, the networks are vulnerable.

The trend to public television—there is no trend more powerful in communications today—is hastened by our fear of the concentration of informational power in the three big communications corporations, by our awareness of the political influence of the medium, by our suspicion that candidates on the screen are being pushed as cleverly as are products, and, most of all, by our need for a mass education tool.

Robert J. Blakely's *The People's Instrument* (Public Affairs, $6) comes to grips more philosophically than practically with what public television can do for us that commercial television cannot and will not do. Since news and information are rather well and fully handled by the networks within the natural limitations of the medium, perhaps the greatest potential of public television lies in what it can do for education and for the arts. One purpose Blakely sees is the advancement of the arts as an organic part of life, for not only the audience but also the artists. Yet even here, perhaps too much is promised. Certainly, in the arts television is not the experience itself (of a painting, of live drama) but rather the introduction to the experience. In education it is a substitute for teachers, classrooms, and money.

Nothing is more persuasive than demonstration. The great infusions of cash and idealism by the Ford Foundation and the Carnegie Corporation have provided public television with some of its best arguments—none better than *Sesame Street*. The success of the Children's Television Workshop gets us away from the great mouthfuls of generalities we like to utter about public television. The more specific the given job, the more satisfying the outcome. Television demonstrably can teach numbers and letters and simple cognitive skills to hundreds of thousands of preschool children in scattered improvised classrooms simultaneously, and this capacity can be applied to more complex learning processes.

Apart from its service to children and its overall instructional function, Blakely sees public television in a broad social role. Between disaffected sections of society it must renew "a sense of community, renew the social contract, and improve the people's internal environment." It can "sensitize" the public to the problems and aspirations of minority groups.

As if we did not already suffer from a wearying sense of being overextended, overinformed, oversensitized—and still underequipped to do very much about it. The redeeming feature of Blakely's philosophy is in the Kantian imperative to treat the audience as ends, not as means in another quick commercial pitch. The wisdom of this valuable introduction is to encourage all segments of society to view public television as an instrument for their own use.

Instant Journalism: After dealing with the still rather loose theoretical concepts of public television, one turns with a kind of relief to Red Barber's *The Broadcasters* (Dial, $6.95), a down-to-earth account of a consummate professional's announcing career, which continues today in Key Biscayne, coupled with shrewd analyses of the name sports announcers of the day, many of whom he has little use for. Barber has found his own play-by-play writing style for handling the sometimes frenetic, intricate personal and contractual relationships within his highly specialized profession. He is nowhere finer than in describing just how he worked in his small announcing booth at Ebbets Field, coming always carefully prepared and even repeatedly inverting an egg-timer to remind himself at what intervals to announce the score.

Personalities are woven into his own story, which is deepened by the struggles he had with his health. There are telling sketches of Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, Harry Wismer, Curt Gowdy (Barber's choice as No. 1 television sports announcer), Mel Allen, Larry MacPhail, Branch Rickey, Casey Stengel, and many others. For its professional insights alone, the book belongs on the journalistic shelf. There came a time when the game changed for Barber, a proud, left-alone pro. "I came up in a simpler era," he says, "and the one thing I did was control my booth absolutely." But the advent of television—with its playback devices, stop-action cameras, slow-speed reruns, and the rest—complicated matters. The booth became crowded. Too many people, too much money, too many commercials. He couldn't control the booth any longer. It is almost a metaphor of our time.

From the Front: Beginning journalists will be reassured to learn for the experts that writing the lead is still the hardest part of the story. This is but one of many lessons that come out of *Reporting/Writing from Front-Row Seats* by Staffers of the Associated Press (Simon and Schuster, $5.95), a distillation of heavy journalistic experience by top correspondents and columnists of the AP. Twenty-five staff members are represented by feature-length essays on the problems and pressures of their specialties, and each offers some telling hint or bit of advice —Don Whitehead on how to organize a story, Hugh A. Mulligan on notetaking, John M. Hightower on how deadlines impose their own discipline. Every beat is covered, from Frank Cormier's White House to William Glover's Broadway. If one theme runs through these essays, it is the urgency of marshaling the facts into outline order before starting to write. The book was conceived originally in connection with a writing improvement course for young AP reporters. They are in the best possible hands. These writers have honorably logged more typewriter hours than any equivalent group of journalists in the world.

Concise Advice: For the student and beginning journalist, M. L. Stein, chairman of the Department of Journalism of New York University, has prepared a concise and up-to-date short text, *Reporting Today: The Newswriter's Handbook* (Cornerstone Library, $2.95). The essentials of the job are laid out in an order that leads one logically into the profession, with due regard to modern approaches and the new emphasis on interpretive reporting. Here is a text that has the actual feel and smell of the newsroom and makes reporting come alive. —Stuart W. Little.

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Madison Avenue

Continued from page 59

Fred A. Mudgett, group vice president of Hertz, says, "In our advertising we only talk about the things we are already doing. We emphasize that Hertz *is* rent-a-car. We started the whole thing back in the beginning of time. We have computerized, but we're not going to talk about it until it's in full-blown operation." Carl Ally, who continues to represent Hertz, was equally unimpressed with Avis's "We're going to be No. 1. We try harder." He said, "All they can remember is how well it worked five years ago. But it isn't five years ago. The contemporary public climate has changed. And the minute you announce you're going to be No. 1 you're at bat and they start pitching to you."

As for National, James Klum, corporate vice president in charge of marketing, says, "In our reservation system, Travelmax, we're two years ahead of the industry. We've never really joined the numbers race, and we're not interested in that one, two, three positioning. We're interested in making the customer number one. We're pretty much on target. Very few customers are interested in who's ahead. They're interested in service."

The more one studies the figures in the fascinating but complex rent-a-car industry, the fuzzier the relative standings become. Who's actually ahead, by how much, where, in what respect, and why, are questions not susceptible to easy answer. Some wild numbers, however, were thrown into the leadership equation last August by a Los Angeles *Times* financial page story implying that Avis might already have been caught from behind by a fast-moving National. The story fattened the projected 1970 gross revenue figures for National by including non-corporate licensee income (60 per cent of National's rental outlets are owned by independent entrepreneurs) but did not do the same for Avis, which also has a sizable number of licensees. This story was hard to shake, even though it amounted to comparing "apples and onions." Avis's Morrow is still working overtime to knock down the too easily repeatable headline—"Is Avis Trying Hard Enough?"—with its unproved slur.

The 1970 returns on gross revenue (subject to qualification) are: Hertz, for all operations, approximately $530-million; Avis, $219-million; and National, $104-million. Hertz, owned by RCA since 1967, does not publish separate figures. The approximate figure for Hertz, besides rent-a-car, includes income from its very large car and truck leasing operations, from parking lots, heavy equipment rental, and foreign business. It does not include licensees, which amount to only 18 to 20 per cent of the Hertz system and for which no revenue figure is given. Avis, owned by ITT since 1965, did release figures this year partly to demonstrate a 198-per cent growth in six years and counteract the unlucky publicity. The $219-million does include trucks, car leasing, and the Avis international division. It does not include the $110-million earned by licensees, which account for 33 per cent of the Avis system. National, which is 92 per cent owned by Household Finance Corporation, and whose figure of $104-million appears on Household's annual statement, includes all corporate revenue from renting and leasing but not the $130-million attributed to National's extensive licensee operation. So if you added licensees to National's corporate revenue but failed to do the same for Avis, National would indeed have looked like a second-place contender.

None of these figures, in fact, really conveys the relative rent-a-car positions of the major three. But Avis's Morrow cites one universally accepted index that tells the story. Executives at both Hertz and Avis agree that about 65 per cent of the rent-a-car business is at airports. Except in New York, where the action is outgoing from the heart of the city, the typical customer is the traveling businessman in the airport of a strange city just off the plane, weary, impatient, and a little late for his next appointment in town. Since airports require a full accounting of revenue, the relative percentage share of each of the three companies for this business in nearly two dozen major airports is verifiable. The standings for 1970 were: Hertz, 44.5 per cent; Avis, 34.0 per cent; National, 20.5 per cent, and all others, 1.0 per cent. Avis, which made airports its principal business from the beginning, says it is located in more airports than anyone (861 to Hertz's 832, according to Winston Morrow's count of the listings in the Official Airline Guide of March 1971), and National in 1970 boasts the largest rate of growth in airports, an estimated 18 per cent.

Whatever the standings, the visible and audible competitiveness of this fast-moving, fast-talking industry continues to command attention. For Avis as for Hertz the 1971 first-quarter sales showed some improvement over last year. The industry is regarded by insiders as a sensitive barometer for business generally—the first to feel the downturn, as it did on the West Coast in June 1969, and the first to herald the buildback. There is a new air of cautious optimism in the rent-a-car field based on the belief that the commercial man, the backbone of the business, and indeed one of the prime stimulators of the national economy, may once again be taking to the road. If this trend strengthens, everyone comes out on top. —STUART W. LITTLE.

WIT TWISTER #221

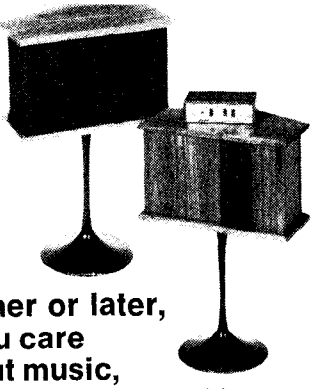
Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The sun's bright ray _ _ _ _ _
castle walls.
It shone through casements,
pierced dark halls,
And, where great _ _ _ _ _
lay dark with mold,
Turned dancing _ _ _ _ _ to
mists of gold.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page 66*)



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Communications Letters

Continued from page 56

fully useful hours in hopefully working out the hopefully useful details.

WILL C. JUMPER,
Professor of English,
Iowa State University,
Ames, Ia.

Blue-eyed Children and Brown-eyed

I WOULD LIKE to commend you and the Television Awards Committee for the choice of the special program "The Eye of the Storm" as one of the single awards for the year 1970 [*SR*, May 8]. When I viewed the program, I found it to be extremely thought-provoking. My initial reaction was one of fear that the teacher's firm manipulation of the children would hurt them emotionally. However, when the experiment ended and the children were permitted to release their pent-up emotions, it was obvious that the experience had been healthy. I am particularly pleased that a program dealing with public education was selected for an award. The negative critics of education are vocal, and the excellent learning experiences, such as the one mentioned, rarely receive any acclaim. Thank you for giving a classroom teacher a pat on the back.

MARY EGDAHL,
Chula Vista, Calif.

Tomorrow's Front Page

RE: JOHN TEBBEL'S article "What Tomorrow's Front Page Will Look Like." Let's hope it will be the newspaper editors and not the advertising agency art directors who'll have the last word. In the final analysis, the reader's prime concern is with content, not format.

How many stories merit a place on a newspaper's front page? I suppose no two individuals would concur on that point. According to John Tebbel's article, less than half as many—six instead of fourteen—found room under one of the revised page mock-ups. Even if the others could be perused on inside pages, that's hardly the same thing. What happens to that legendary fellow identified only as "He who runs may read"? Are his needs no longer of importance?

The three newspapers most admired by the undersigned—*The New York Times*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, and the *Evening* (Washington) *Star*—each makes maximum provision for a varied and highly perceptive selection of major occurrences. In appearance they bear little resemblance to magazines—a goal art directors clearly appear to be seeking—but is there any compelling reason why they should?

The difference in a reader's approach to his daily newspaper as contrasted with what he brings to his favorite weekly or monthly magazine ought not to be overlooked. Each should retain its individuality, avoiding imitation, which in this instance wouldn't be flattery.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

JOHN TEBBEL mentions a newsletter, *Tomorrow's Newspaper*. As a teacher of college journalism, I would be interested in receiving copies of that publication. Could you give me the subscription particulars? Thank you for the consistently thought-provoking articles in the COMMUNICATIONS sections. They are helpful to me in my teaching—I even occasionally convince a student or two to read *SR*!

KARA COLE,
Journalism/Communications,
Warner Pacific College,
Portland, Ore.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Many readers have been interested in* Tomorrow's Newspaper. *Its address is: Technical Information, Inc., 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90028. Subscription: $75 a year.*

Answer to Wit Twister, page 65: smote, tomes, motes.

"What in the hell is poetic justice?"

A Commencement for Journalists

Continued from page 58

revenues of the Times-Mirror Company, publishers of the Los Angeles *Times*, they reached a near record in 1970. There were other prosperous ones, too.

It would scarcely appear, therefore, that many newspapers would be justified in hiring fewer graduates than last year. In fact, according to preliminary reports from Columbia students, total newspaper hiring there up to May 1 was actually ahead of the same period last year, and a few students had as many as four or five offers among which to choose. Without doubt, other major journalism schools could tell the same story.

That, however, is not the main point. The argument must be advanced, and forcibly, too, that the increased talent that is available now to American news organizations will shrink very rapidly if there is no change in current personnel practices. Through sheer indifference or neglect, the glow that now surrounds journalism for many young people is bound to fade almost as rapidly as it appeared. And the plaint that journalism does not attract the best people, unjustified for some years now, is likely to be heard again.

It is a credit to the profession that relatively few employers are using the outlook and life-style of many younger journalists as a basis for refusing to take on all but the most conservative in manner and appearance. To those who do persist in such prejudices out of fear of activism in the newsroom, these words may still produce a tremor:

> What is a journalist? Not any business manager or publisher, or even proprietor. A journalist is the lookout on the bridge of the ship of state. He notes the passing sail, the little things of interest that dot the horizon in fine weather. He reports the drifting castaway whom the ship can save. He peers through fog and storm to give warnings of dangers ahead. He is not thinking of his wages or of the profits of his owners. He is there to watch over the safety and the welfare of the people who trust him.

The author was Joseph Pulitzer, and the publication was the *North American Review* for May 1904. As the supreme activist of his time, he would have understood the ideals and aspirations of the Class of 1971 and he would have approved of its zeal to improve what he hoped would be a great and intellectual profession. Such improvement is a fitting goal for this year's journalism graduates.

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"The Abortion"

Continued from page 52

the lyrical and haunted volumes of American writing."

She falls in love with the innocent, fastidious, reclusive librarian who narrates the story. Love draws each out of his shell (in her case the magnificent body; in his, the strange library) but her pregnancy by him leads them through that sink of American dreams, Tijuana, for an abortion. After it they return to America—as the United States is called—and "A New Life," with Vida no longer ashamed of her beauty, and the librarian, who has begun to "discover the twentieth century all over again," gathering funds for the sponsor of his library, The American Forever, Etc. Working with "people that need" him, he becomes at last "a hero in Berkeley."

The trials of Vida form an implicit critique of our culture: The physical beauty, bombs, industrial proliferation, and commercial techniques we cherish have gotten us into trouble. And the price we are paying for them reverberates through our movie theaters and paperback bookshops—the temples of youth. A pile of money, an American flag, and a beautiful machine leave Peter Fonda's "easy rider" burning in a ditch, and his prophetic words, "We blew it," reach beyond the roadside into all aspects of our national experience. In *The Abortion* Brautigan tells that sad story in a new way. His Captain America is a woman, and the possibility of love and a fresh start survives the premature termination of life in America.

If Brautigan himself is a hero among students it is precisely because his writing is not academic, in the sense that an "academic" question produces no repercussions in the world. He creates a myth and convinces readers that he actually lives it. A new life can be reconstructed, he seems to say, out of the rubble of American failure, along the model of a renaissance that strangely follows abortion. Take a few steps back to the point where things began to go wrong and then start over again. Brautigan's *Trout Fishing in America* culminates in a place called the Cleveland Wrecking Yard, where a man can put together a new life (as well as a fresh trout stream) out of old junk. The hero of *In Watermelon Sugar*, an allegorical tale, is writing a chronicle of what appears to be a post-Bomb community rebuilding itself with that most basic commodity, watermelon sugar.

In *The Abortion* Brautigan himself appears as an author contributing his book to the American Forever library. The librarian-narrator says that he was "tall and blond and had a long yellow mustache that gave him an anachronistic appearance. He looked as if he would be more at home in another era." That is, of course, the man we know from the covers of his books: lanky and old-fashioned in his reclaimed clothes, with the hair and mustache of a gunslinger—a Wild Bill Hickok or a General Custer who managed to survive. The costume represents a retrospective but basically optimistic movement to recover the human and natural resources that have been trampled in America.

That a cult should grow around Brautigan is no accident; he plans it that way. And it isn't just his appearance that makes people associate the man with the myth he describes. Everything he writes reinforces the modern sense that a literary style might also be a life-style. His writing is as brief and immediate as a telegram or a message left on a door for a friend. The dedication of *The Abortion*—"Frank: come on in—read novel—it's on table in front room. I'll be back in about 2 hours. Richard."—sets the simple style of writing and of living, and Brautigan offers himself as an exemplar of simplicity in a complex age. Literature transforms itself immediately into cult.

A cult of this kind meets resistance. Can the simple persona survive in the aura of theatricality that surrounds Brautigan and his friends and disciples? Is it possible to make a myth about oneself and still remain sufficiently humble and human not to offend the audience? It may be that myths cannot be manufactured but must evolve slowly and accidentally to answer the unspoken demands of a society. Brautigan himself begins to confront these contradictions in his understanding that "we become like theaters" even as we perform our "brand-new instantaneous rituals." He recognizes that a mythology adequate to the task of reconstruction will need models, and *The Abortion* is an attempt to supply one.

Joseph Butwin teaches English at the University of Washington in Seattle.

AN EDUCATION IN BLOOD

by Richard M. Elman

Scribners, 454 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Frank Cunningham

■ Richard Elman's new novel assaults a critic's normal predilection to be kind. It is hard to believe that the author of *The 28th Day of Elul* trilogy could write such a mishmash of pop Freud-Marx meanderings and Spider-Man melodramatics as *An Education in Blood*. I suppose Elman means well enough, and certainly the novel can't be faulted for its scope. He treats at copious (and often ludicrous) length the themes of Everyman's Guilt, Youth's Initiation Into Experience and Evil, Human Feeling, Sex and Death, and

"A penny for your thoughts, Harvey."

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Mommy and Daddy with the high seriousness of an Oral Roberts. But, as the protagonist of the novel says—with what is, sadly, unintended irony—, "The most impossible crap. *Words, words, words,* as Hamlet was fond of saying. A regular excrescence, diurnal and diarrhetic. . . ."

Elman's book is, indeed, a heavy, heavy read. Bernard Eastover (one of the novel's more subtle names) is an aging English professor who was convicted thirty years ago of bludgeoning his wife to death, then released to brood on the Meaning of It All. He is destined to be confronted by Stephen Tolmach, a sloganeering young radical journalist who ostensibly seeks the truth about Eastover's guilt but who really wishes to learn how to *feel* by subjecting himself and Eastover to masochistic tirades of self-castigation. Both have father hangups, we learn, but Elman requires 454 pages of unearned "insights" to get around to the big revelation scene. Tolmach leaves a destroyed Eastover in Los Angeles vowing, "We must know our feelings. Come. Let us help one another."

Noble sentiment, that. Never mind that Tolmach sounds like the Lone Ranger's Indian friend Tonto; all the characters in this pretentious exercise go around saying things like "*Was she* —even then—*helping along a lie*?" or "Reality is unreal," or "He found himself pressing her to him like sacks of rotten apple blossoms." Elman's theme is Kafka's, O'Neill's, West's—the death of love in the modern world—and a theme that important deserves much more maturity and artistry than are exhibited here. The two main characters spend so much time posturing and platitudinizing, shouting at each other in unmotivated expletives, that no objective correlative is sustained for Elman's symbolic concerns.

The female characters don't help either. The sex they continually dispense is as unreal as the Hardy Boys chapter headings ("A Confession?" "What Next?" "Menaced"). Names like Jane Hay, Priscilla Angles, and Agon are, of course, *very* mythic, but Elman blows it all in a bathetic, undisciplined book which lacks even a tinge of saving irony to sharpen the intended ugliness of his theme. Not even the omnipresent present-tense narrator helps speed things up, and we end bogged down in wordy boredom, having to concur with Tolmach: "It hasn't quite been an odyssey; more like Stephen moving freely about inside a maze he once helped to construct."

Frank Cunningham, whose criticism has appeared in SR and Sewanee Review, will join the English faculty at Kansas State University next fall.

Editorial

Continued from page 20

cies must be considered, and a revised statement must be published at least thirty days before action begins. Where open hearings are called for, these must be advertised in generally circulated local newspapers at least fifteen days before the hearing date. Every month, CEQ prepares a summary of all "102" statements issued during that month and distributes copies to about 1,200 interested journalists, law firms, and schools that stress environmental teaching.

The State Department is the only agency that still refuses to comply with the environmental impact statement requirement. Other agencies have labored in vain to frustrate the requirement. The United States Highway Administration, which holds the purse strings on the $5-billion-a-year highway trust fund, at first adopted a strategy of flooding CEQ with new highway plans in such extensive detail that none of them could be examined effectively. The maneuver defeated itself disastrously when the Supreme Court of the United States stopped a road through Overton Park in Memphis, Tennessee, on the grounds that the highway sponsors had not acted in good faith to carry out the intent of the law. The Interior Department made a similar mistake in its infamous 102 statement on the proposed trans-Alaskan oil pipeline. That "102" recited a long list of environmental abuses that might logically be expected to follow the laying of the pipe. Interior then turned its back on these abuses and ruled that national security required the pipeline nonetheless. The effect was too raw to get by either the courts or the White House. Two other powerful agencies, the Atomic Energy Commission and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, have responded to the environmental impact statement requirement by completely reversing their old disdain of public opinion.

If one people can participate this effectively in shaping its country's attitude toward the environment, the method employed is worth trying on a global scale.

—JOHN LEAR.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1j (*House Made of Dawn*), 2f (*Ramona*), 3d (*Last of the Mohicans*), 4b (*Listen for a Lonesome Drum*), 5k, 6c (*Death Comes for the Archbishop*), 7i (*Hiawatha*), 8l (*Generall Historie of Virginia*), 9e (*Green Mansions*), 10h (*Journals*), 11g (*Laughing Boy*), 12a (*Peter Pan*).

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(Continued from page 69)

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YOGA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE — Information, Swami Kriyananda, 952 J Street, Davis, California 95616.

SITUATIONS WANTED

HIGH SCHOOL DEAN, female, presently dean private school NYC, seeks challenging position outside NYC. Box C-219.

YOUNG COUPLE desperate to be helper-learners in organic-alternatives to cities! Box C-286.

EDITOR, RESEARCHER, ADMINISTRATOR. Intelligent, experienced, educated female seeks challenging employment in Washington, D.C. area. Box C-292.

MONTESSORI TEACHER available for rural setting. A.M.S. Experienced. Box C-280.

YOUNG WOMAN, age 25, college grad, well traveled, bilingual, can guide person or persons through Latin America. Box C-266.

TUTOR—Experienced young English teacher, specializing in creative writing, grammar, vocabulary development. All levels. N.Y./N.J. 212-UN 5-8667, Box C-103.

RETIRED EXECUTIVE monitor your interests. Limit half of year. Box C-275.

BACHELOR, 43, M.A., seeks dignified work, Chicago area. Box C-288.

BRIGHT, ATTRACTIVE, ex-English teacher looking for work that demands creativity and travel. Would prefer to live, work in Europe or London but domestic fine too. Resume upon request. Box C-296.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

MONTESSORI DIRECTOR—Community-oriented, parent owned school, racially and socio-economically heterogeneous. Largest U.S. enrollment; ages 3 to 11. Advanced training and strong administrative skills essential. University affiliation possible. Extraordinary challenge and growth opportunity. Chicago, September 1971. Call collect 312-944-0446 or write Box C-282.

NONPROFIT, TAX-EXEMPT educational foundation involved in teacher exchange with Europe wishes to add to the staff a Director of Development whose primary responsibility will be fund-raising. Some travel in United States and to Europe required. Age not a factor, in fact retired corporate officer may be our answer. Maximum salary ten thousand per year. Small congenial staff in NYC headquarters; we don't make much money but we have fun. Box C-276.

ASSISTANT CITY LIBRARIAN, Beverly Hills Public Library, to assist in the administration and development of library affairs. The Library operates in a modern building opened in 1965; a budget of $364,500 and a staff of 31 are required to provide a superior standard of service. Excellent opportunity for a creative person interested in professional growth. M.L.S. from A.L.A.—accredited school required; three or more years paid professional experience, one year of which has been in a responsible administrative or supervisory capacity in a public library. SALARY $1,028.35 to $1,277.54 per month. Send resume: Personnel Director, City of Beverly Hills, 450 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

REWRITE-EDIT, assist busy administrator, prepare lectures, articles, essays. Highest professional writing skills essential. Prefer free lance, part-time writer who has been published in New Yorker, Harper's, etc. Submit xerox samples of published works. Highest per diem fee. Box SRL 1432, 810 7th Avenue, NYC.

RESEARCH AID — Recent college graduate, social sciences, knowledge of communications media, to do research in public interest aspects of television and radio. Typing necessary. NYC. Reply to Box C-271.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1971 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS JOBS. *High Pay, Travel, Adventure.* Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—New 1971 Australian Handbook describing free passage, employment opportunities, business, farming, teaching, etc. $1.00. Employment directories: Australian businesses, $1.00, U.S. businesses there, $1.00. All three, $2.00. (550 employers listed.) Buckeye, Box 1032CP, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P53, Orinda, California 94563.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—LAKE WILLOUGHBY. Desirable 8 room house. All conveniences; garage, workshop, lawns. About 4 acres. $29,000. SR Box B-477.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice acreage. Free brochure. ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

VERMONT—1815 Colonial house, 35 acres. 4 miles from village. Was station on underground railroad. Box 3, North Springfield.

For Sale—Furnished

BEACH HAVEN, N.J.—Sturdy 2 story house and garage. Few steps from wide open beach. Perfect summer residence. $20,000. SR Box C-290.

For Sale/Lease

VIRGIN ISLANDS—3 bedroom private house. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

For Rent—Furnished

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—Modern, breeze-conditioned summer/winter. Spectacular view, path to beach. Completely equipped. 2 twin bedrooms, 1½ baths. Clothes washer, dishwasher. $350 monthly, six months, longer. SR Box C-281.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

LAKEFRONT VERMONT HOME—Beach, dock, sunfish, rowboat. Privacy. 413-253-3581.

CATSKILLS, Delaware County—Restored 1800 Colonial 5 bedroom farmhouse. 91 acres, barn, pond, boat, stream, view. July-September $1,500, $165 week, 2 week minimum. 516-OR 6-3805.

MT. SUNAPEE, N.H.—Artist's studio, 4 bedroom guesthouse on large estate. 100 acre privacy. $700 month. 617-729-0574.

PROVINCETOWN—Owner traveling. 4 bed Victorian cottage. High bluff. Two beaches. $2,500. Monthly $1,100. 617-235-0008, Box T, Fayville, Massachusetts 01745.

HOUSE WANTED

To Rent—Unfurnished

SAN DIEGO—4 bedrooms. 1-2 years, start August or September. SR Box C-102.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Summer Rental

MANHATTAN, West Side. Spacious 3 rooms, A/C. Price negotiable. July-September. Box C-291.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Completely equipped apartments. Accommodate 3-5. Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts 02575.

MANHATTAN—6 room apartment. 80's, Madison. July 11th-August 14th. $550. Flexible. SR Box C-289.

WEST 87th STREET, NYC, off Riverside Drive. 4 rooms, air-conditioned, artfully decorated. $275 monthly. July and August. 212-SU 7-9238.

MANHATTAN, SIXTIES, PARK. Elegant 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, piano. July 1st-September 16th. References. Box C-268.

APARTMENT WANTED

Furnished

CANADIAN PROFESSOR, FAMILY, require furnished accommodation New York September 1st to December 31st. Box C-278.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

NYC—Gentleman will share with same 3½ room apartment (own bedroom). Out of town weekends. Convenient all transportation. Low rent. Available immediately to October, possibly longer. References. Box C-210.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

MAINE—Wooded acreage, starting at $40 per acre—also all forms of real estate. FRANKLIN REALTY Co., 44 Main Street, Farmington, Maine 04938. Tel. Office 207-778-2852 (Mr Barrows).

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE—Houses and land. Dare Schumacher, Broker, Box 1, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CATSKILLS—2½ hours NYC. 20 acres, brook, stream, pond site, view, woods, fruit, deer. $15,000. 516-OR 6-3805.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, suits ages 13-17; boys all summer or shorter periods; girls July 19th-August 23rd. 25th season. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

OVERWEIGHT BOYS AND GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camps. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Stanley for girls or Camp Tahoe for boys, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS, community spirit even higher than our art, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our Professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

UNIQUE CAMPING TOUR of the great southwest. Boys 13-17. Leaves Albuquerque, New Mexico June 29th. Western Safari, Box 653, Barnegat Light, N.J. 08008.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

SAWTOOTH WILDERNESS CAMP—Boys 10-16. Camping, backing, fishing, cooking, basic survival skills at remote mountain lake 25 miles north of Sun Valley, Idaho. Space available August. Write Box 153, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

COME AWAY and breathe our fresh air—rare combination of scented pine and ocean spray. Motels and efficiencies. Coffee Shop-Cocktail Lounge. Pool. Fishing. Golf. May into October. Color Brochure. Tel. 207-646-5662. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Weare, Cliff House and Motels, Box R, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

SHELBURNE MUSEUM VACATION! Tour 45 acres, 35 buildings, plus breakfast, dinner, gratuity, tax, new air conditioned motel room, color television. All for $19.95 per person, double occupancy, May 15th through June 30th and all September only. Shelburne Inn and New Motel, Box 4, Shelburne, Vermont. U.S. 7.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $10-$16; 4 persons, $16-$20. Reserve by mail or phone.

ERUDITE CLIENTELE, children's haven, informal family vacations. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H. 03261.

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(Continued from page 71)

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions. Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Don and Kathie Murray, Box R, Jackson, New Hampshire 03846.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean, ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

SUMMIT LODGE, KILLINGTON, VERMONT needs help with ornithological survey of 20 mile area from 4,235 ft. Killington summit to 1,170 ft. Ottauquechee River Valley, *all habitats. 35mm chromes wanted for slide* show, also bird call tapes for stereo library. Master wall displays on area birds, woodlands, geology and history our goal. Forty rooms and suites with terraces and balconies, heated pool, tennis, all amenities. Write Dept. O, Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont 05701.

PLYMOUTH ROCK—Take one home from our beach, a stone's throw from the original. 94 deluxe rooms, heated pool. Golf, restaurants nearby. AAA. Open all year. Governor Bradford Motor Inn, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

CHRISTMAS FARM INN. 26th year. A small Colonial inn in the White Mountains with a friendly atmosphere, spectacular views, swimming pool, sports. Excellent meals, nicely served. AAA. Doris and Dick Welch, Owner-Hosts. Jackson, N.H. 03846. Tel. 603-383-4313.

BEACHCOMBER'S "TROPIDISE"—"a get away from it all place." Housekeeping motel rooms, efficiencies, cottages; no tipping. Endless beach. Write Rod & Ruth Happel, CARIBE ADVENTURE INN, Box 158, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957.

BEACH PLUM INN. Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts 02552. Small, informal, overlooking sea and harbor. Beautiful accommodations, superb food. All sports. 617-645-9454.

1780 LOG HOUSE — Superbly restored, furnished, equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

WE'RE STATIA'S LARGEST INN. (We have five rooms.) Almont Tree Inn, St. Eustatius, N.A.

SPECTACULAR SEASCAPE VIEWS overlooking the broad Atlantic. A distinguished resort on expansive, landscaped grounds. Broad lawns, flowers, big swimming pool, professional putting green. Social season mid-June to Labor Day—concerts, dinner dances. Near Playhouse and Art Galleries. Modified American and European Plans. Motor inn, cottages, efficiencies mid-May to mid-October. The Lookout Resort, Box 2, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

CAMPERS! ROUGH IT (GENTLY), without crowding in campsites. Savor peaceful beauty of wooded island, unspoiled lake, Eastern Ontario. Cottages, $50. Duane Barnes, Ompah, Ontario.

TRAPP FAMILY LODGE—Beautiful 900 acre estate that is home of Austria's renowned Trapp family. Ride, swim. Walk in the gardens, along wooded trails. Splendid Viennese food, mountain scenery. Send for colorful brochure and rates. Dept. 5S, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P.O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to *paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling. Modern cottages* (nonhousekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. Each person $18 to $24 daily; two delicious home-cooked meals included. Lower June rates; open 19th. Owner-Manager Thompson. Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552. 617-645-2521.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

1778 INN—POCONOS. Forest walks, streams; delicious meals; no pressure. June specials. Box 127, Swiftwater, Pennsylvania 18370. 717-839-7206.

THIRTEEN ACRES, Thompson Ridge, N.Y. 914-874-2801. Charming Resort—Pool—Dietary Laws.

MAGNIFICENT ISOLATION, meaningful conversation, relaxed participation, memories to bless. Holden Village, Chelan, Washington 98816.

PERU, VERMONT. Heated pool, privacy. All the Beckoning Country has to offer. Wiley Inn, Box 37, 05152. Gene & Jean Vidal.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP CENTERS in the Catskills and White Mountains offer a unique vacation experience of recreation and mental stimulation. Through dialogue among people of different backgrounds, films and speakers, a global view and wholistic approach to life emerge. *For information,* write World Fellowship, Conway, N.H. 03818 or Kerhonkson, N.Y. 12446.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

"JOHNNY SEESAW'S"-SOUTHWEST VERMONT. Singular name—friendly inn on Bromley Mountain. Nearby Orvis Fishing School for expert weekend instruction. Remarkable cook, fine court, pool, superb golfing, trail riding. We like families. Folder. Peru, Vermont 05155.

COLORADO MOUNTAINS—Rent professor's/physician's modern vacation home in 9,000' ranch hamlet. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking National Forest mountain recreation. Box 84, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211. 303-395-2364.

TROLLHAUGEN FARM, Newfane, Vermont 05345, Tel. 802-365-7635. Small, noncommercial, absolutely charming country retreat. Excellent food, lovely surroundings. Norwegian/American atmosphere. Brochure.

OUR LETTUCE IS GROWN ORGANICALLY. It's much better for you. Claremont Hotel, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679. 207-244-6636.

SHED CITY SUMMER HUMIDITY for balmy Falmouth Harbour Beach, Antigua, West Indies at off-season rates. Swim, sunbathe, fish, sail, snorkel, relax. Write Hancarib, 770 Welch Road, Palo Alto, California 94304.

ISLESBORO INN at Dark Harbor, Maine. Gracious intimate Inn of Penobscot Bay. Former estate with terraced lawn and gardens. Golf, Tennis, Yacht Facilities, Swimming, Cocktails, Dining Room. Drive In—Fly In—Sail In. June 30th to September 7th. Brochure. Islesboro, Maine. Tel. 207-734-2221.

SHHHH. The majestic silence of Florida's sheltered inland waterways quietly calls fishermen and nature lovers. Go your own way in a rented houseboat. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird, S-5, Box 617, Jensen Beach, Florida 33457.

ESCAPE THIS WINTER to the Caribbean . . . rent on St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands. Houses, apartments, condominiums. Yaple Rental Properties, Pentheny Building, 46 King Street, Christiansted, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00820.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA, Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

SWISS RESORT. AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Swimming, sports. Modern comfort; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603-447-2818.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Secluded and relaxed country inn on lovely old estate. Pine woods, gardens, orchards. Near beautiful Cove Beach. 15 rooms. Delicious food. LAMBERT'S COVE INN, RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2298.

EXCITING NORTH WOODS meets man-made luxury at resort lodge and motel. Swimming pool, golf. Excellent meals, cocktails. Airstrip adjoins. Sky Lodge, Moose River, Maine.

SHRUG OFF THE 20th CENTURY. Time loses its meaning on serene Sanibel, a tropical island where the forgotten art of relaxing may be learned again. Song of the Sea, the old world inn, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957. 813-472-2220.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, actively, lazily, musically at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts 01240, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send all, yes.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT in one of the few small country inns left. Set in a tiny picture-book village. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Open year 'round. Betty & Jim Lee, Barrows House, Dorset, Vermont 05251.

HEALTHFUL, EDUCATIONAL VACATIONING. Reducing, Rejuvenation, Recreation, Re-education, Delightful Foods, Beautiful Grounds, Wonderful Climate, Cooperative Employment Available. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Florida 33923-SR.

INDIA HOUSE, NANTUCKET, MASS. Attractive turn-of-the-18th-century residence, a comfortable home base for young and old lovers and discoverers of Nantucket. 8 clean, cheery rooms, private baths. 5 minutes to beaches, sailing, galleries, surfing, antiques, tennis. Singles $13, doubles $25 daily EP. Lower after September 30th. Gourmet breakfasts, dinners from mid-June. Bar. Open April-December. 37 India Street. Tel. 617-228-9043. You'll love it!

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS and 2nd Honeymoons. Vermont's unique resort on Lake Champlain. Color brochure. Tyler Place, Highgate Springs 66, Vermont 05460.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—One of New England's oldest hostelries offering 17th century hospitality with 20th century conveniences: our own sailboats, indoor pool, sauna, exercise room, ping pong, pool. Television in every room. Dine on seafood, steaks, and other fine dishes in charming dining room. Charter-boat fishing trips; clambakes on private beach. In town near harbor, tennis courts, bike shop, theatre. Singles, doubles, suites, housekeeping units. Weekly and monthly rates. Family plan. Major credit cards. MANSION HOUSE, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568. 617-693-2200.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $80 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine Brochure!

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

AUTHENTIC TYROLEAN VILLAGE in White Mountains. Old-world Alpine Inn, Motel, Family Chalet accommodations. Heated pool. Free golf nearby. Fishing, tennis, dancing. Dining rooms, cocktail lounges. Open July 1st to mid-October. Mittersill Alpine Inn, Franconia, N.H. 03580. A Treadway Resort.

VERMONT—The Beckoning Country: Still a stronghold of unspoiled beauty. History, covered bridges, mountains, lakes, fishing, boating, golf, other sports. Photographers' paradise. Auctions, antiques, fascinating folk museums including world-famed Shelburne Museum nearby. Most charming, immaculate, well-maintained inn. Traditional hospitality. Elevator, sprinkler, swimming pool, chip & putt greens. Pleasant grounds. Exceptional food, beverages. Air conditioning. Tel. 802-247-5766, or write Brandon Inn, A Vermont Resort, Box 88, Brandon, Vermont 05733.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open to November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Box 118R, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

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VACATIONS

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

EAST HAMPTON'S ONLY OCEAN RESORT. Breathtaking setting in gracious country Inn. Peace and tranquillity or full activities. Brochure available. 516-324-9000. Sea Spray Inn, Box SR, East Hampton, New York 11937.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE, Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

ADIRONDACK SUMMER WORKSHOPS — Ceramics, sculpture, painting, drawing. Brochure SR, Brant Lake Art Center, 3083 May Road, Wantagh, N.Y. 11793.

MAINE WRITERS' WORKSHOP on lobstermen's harbor. Limited enrollment. Box B-456.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD". Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

A YOUNG LOOK AT EUROPE—Five-week high school and college summer programs in Europe. Full weeks at *universities of London, Rome, and Paris; travel in* Germany, Austria, Switzerland in between. Multimedia lecture programs, international faculty, academic credit available. Chaperoned, fully bonded under Civil Aeronautics Board regulations. $860 all-inclusive. Write: American Leadership Study Groups, 385 Airport Drive, Worcester, Massachusetts 01602.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London, American credit system. Special programs in music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European travel. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses; string instrument summer workshop. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

LONDON STUDY CENTER OF SCHILLER COLLEGE for Upperclassmen has changed opening to September 27th, 1971. Liberal arts with emphasis English literature, history. Applications now accepted for '71/'72 academic year. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. Phone: 405-842-5979.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1940

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bull session	134 144 150 201 210 235 6
B. Subtle point or distinction	11 33 63 77 133 141 179 184 191 212
C. (*Rhet.*) The use of an exclamatory phrase	224 230 25 32 40 83 92 127 132 143
D. "The Mystery of ———": Dickens' unfinished novel (2 wds.)	146 168 177 199 218 226 27 46 59 76
E. "*A train-band captain eke* was he/Of famous ——." (2 wds.; Cowper, "John Gilpin")	107 136 142 192 202 220 222 233 1 8
F. Destroy, wipe out	51 78 85 106 137 154
G. Picturesque town of central Iran	128 171 109 9
H. Took back; removed	70 108 111 116 16 74 80 120
I. Tommyrot, baloney	157 165 170 209 229 30 65 73 84 101 105 123 153
J. It occurs in males only and carries genes for male characteristics (2 wds.)	181 204 213 216 221 3 49 52 66 88 102
K. Something essential, indispensable, or basic	172 182 197 234 10 81 90 96 138 162 167
L. A wearing down or away by friction	208 215 231 86 117 129 151 175 196
M. Sumerian and Babylonian hero god, son and avenger of Enlil	200 207 15 35 99 114 122
N. Causes to stumble (2 wds.)	145 149 163 55 95 98 64
O. River whose chief tributaries are the Nera and the Aniene	100 169 206 69 104
P. Urging to some course of conduct or action	112 148 160 173 14 17 21 183 193
Q. Grieve bitterly (4 wds.)	195 19 28 72 176 198 12 34 82 152 185 44 29 53 156
R. Japanese general hanged for war atrocities	131 158 36 113 5 18 23 13 26
S. In advance	125 205 97 187 225 119 71 37 164 42
T. Work out or express by studious effort	75 118 60 39 94 50 228 180 20 2
U. Roman poet (c. 99 B.C.–c. 55 B.C.; "De Rerum Natura")	68 89 57 103 110 159 232 4 155
V. Immediate cognizance without rational thought	56 41 22 126 174 48 219 62 38
W. International business and professional men's club	189 43 91 190 166 58 211
X. *Any tissue that covers a* surface, lines a cavity, etc., such as epidermis, blood vessel linings	124 140 45 31 223 121 186 227 7 93
Y. O.K.; in good shape (3 wds.)	161 67 135 87 54 47 217 79 147
Z. Throngs; covers (an area) (2 wds.)	24 115 214 130 139 61 188 194 178 203

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

	1 E	2 T		3 J	4 U	5 R	6 A		7 X	8 E	9 G	10 K	11 B	12 Q	13 R	14 P	15 M
16 H		17 P	18 R	19 Q	20 T		21 P	22 V		23 R	24 Z		25 C	26 R	27 D	28 Q	
29 Q	30 I		31 X	32 C	33 B		34 Q	35 M	36 R	37 S	38 V		39 T	40 C	41 V	42 S	43 W
44 Q	45 X	46 D	47 Y		48 V	49 J		50 T	51 F		52 J	53 Q	54 Y	55 N	56 V	57 U	58 W
59 D	60 T	61 Z		62 V	63 B		64 N	65 I	66 J	67 Y	68 U	69 O		70 H	71 S	72 Q	
73 I	74 H	75 T		76 D	77 B	78 F	79 Y	80 H	81 K	82 Q	83 C	84 I		85 F	86 L	87 Y	88 J
	89 U	90 K		91 W	92 C		93 X	94 T	95 N	96 K		97 S	98 N	99 M	100 O	101 I	102 J
103 U		104 O	105 I	106 F	107 E	108 H	109 G	110 U		111 H	112 P	113 R	114 M		115 Z	116 H	117 L
118 T	119 S		120 H	121 X		122 M	123 I	124 X		125 S	126 V	127 C	128 G		129 L	130 Z	131 R
132 C	133 B	134 A		135 Y	136 E		137 F	138 K	139 Z	140 X	141 B	142 E	143 C	144 A	145 N	146 D	
147 Y	148 P	149 N		150 A	151 L	152 Q	153 I	154 F	155 U		156 Q	157 I	158 R	159 U		160 P	161 Y
162 K		163 N	164 S		165 I	166 W	167 K		168 D	169 O	170 I	171 G	172 K	173 P	174 V	175 L	176 Q
	177 D	178 Z		179 B	180 T	181 J		182 K	183 P	184 B	185 Q	186 X	187 S	188 Z	189 W		190 W
191 B	192 E		193 P	194 Z	195 Q	196 L		197 K	198 Q	199 D	200 M	201 A	202 E	203 Z	204 J	205 S	
206 O	207 M	208 L	209 I	210 A	211 W		212 B	213 J	214 Z	215 L		216 J	217 Y	218 D		219 V	220 E
	221 J	222 E	223 X	224 C	225 S		226 D	227 X	228 T	229 I	230 C	231 L	232 U	233 E	234 K	235 A	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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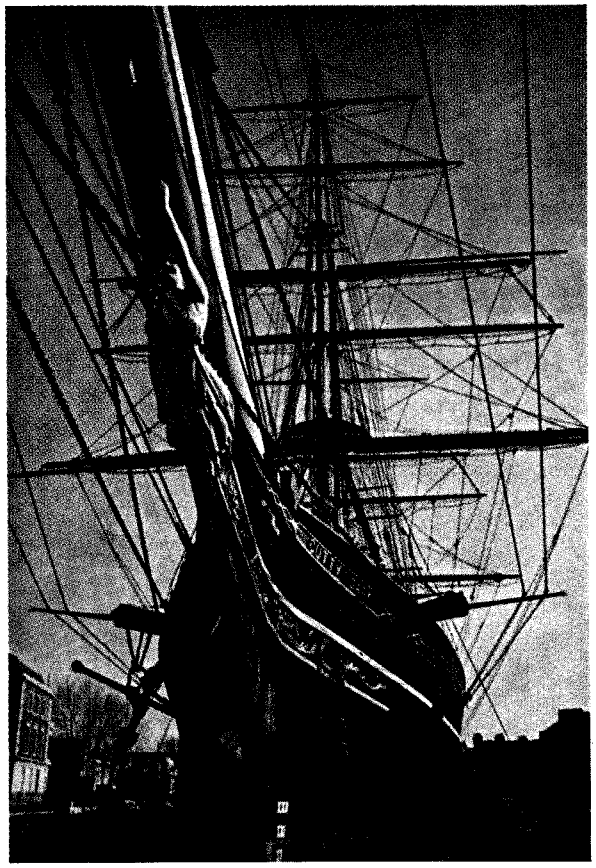
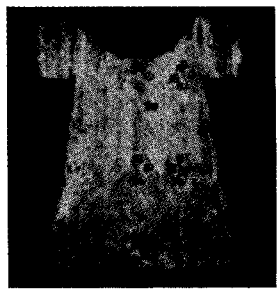
The living Cutty Sark.



***Cutty Sark*, greatest of the clipper ships, still lives at Greenwich, England. Since 1957, when she was opened as a memorial to Britain's merchant seamen, over 4 million people have walked her decks, marveled at her fantastic display of clipper era memorabilia and tried, if only for a moment, to experience the magic of the days of wooden ships and iron men.**



***Cutty Sark's* cutty sark.** *Cutty* wore, atop her mainmast, this guilded replica of the short skirt that gave her her name. It was lost off Africa in 1916, discovered some 40 years later in London. Today, back aboard, it's one of *Cutty Sark's* proudest relics.

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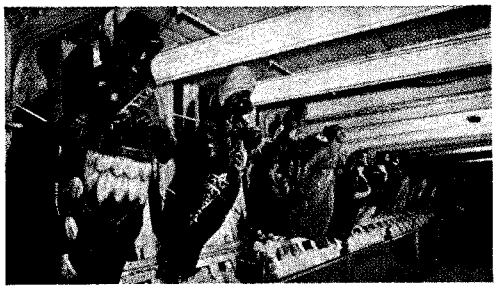

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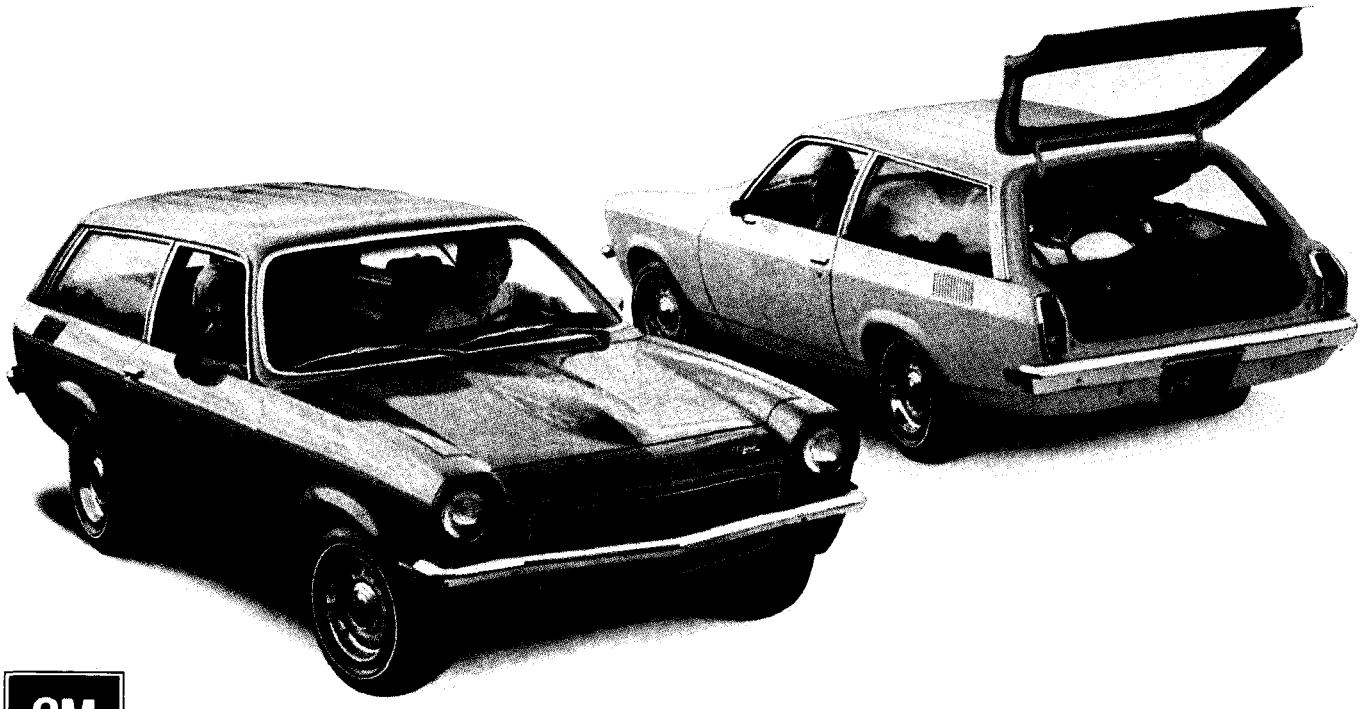

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